

Poultry Notes.

South San Francisco, Cal.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

Concerning the projected lobster hatchery in Maine—but let us not become personal.

Electrocution is gaining ground—that is, among persons who do not expect to experience it.

Now that the West Point cadet is bound on his honor to stop hazing, we shall see what we shall see.

And yet people can't get used to houses being burgled. They feel as if they were always just being broken in.

Twenty years from now it will be in poor taste to speak to a single woman of having met her in the last century.

If somebody beats you out on a square business deal, don't whine. The whiner inevitably goes where the whang-doodle mourneth.

While King Edward was formerly a great patron of exclusive tracks, now his solicitude will doubtless take in the English and other races as a whole.

Minister Wu says the only way to keep up with Americans is to get ahead of them. We have suspected from the first that Wu had some Irish blood in his veins.

Nikola Tesla is said to have invented a new light of vastly superior quality over anything in that line known. The old earth may yet come to be a perfect Mars of a place to live on.

The statement that pepper is also a potent vitalizer may find some support in the fact that down in Mexico, where pepper is consumed in enormous quantities, people frequently live to be 110 or 120 years old.

The list of occupations for women lengthens. There are "shoe-breakers" in England. For a stated price, a woman will undertake to wear new shoes for one of her customers from two to four days. When times are good she has several pairs of shoes in charge at the same time. Nothing is said of the effect upon the professional's disposition, although it is easy to see that what she may lose in equanimity is sure to be offset by the improved temper of the customer.

It is true that physicians use the power of faith every day, but few are willing to admit it. Scientific men often make the fundamental mistake of denying any truth in the theories of those who oppose religious faith to medicine. Thus we find one set of men struggling to heal the body without the aid of science and another devoted to the same cause supposedly without the aid of faith, when faith and science should be the great allies in the struggle with disease.

The Baltimore Sun devotes something like a column of small type to an argument against the adoption of the metric system. Yet this flow of eloquence can be offset by one short statement: the metric system is a decimal system. That is an advantage which offsets all difficulties and disadvantages. Our esteemed contemporary might as well inveigh against our currency system and applaud the English pounds, shillings and pence as attempt to prove that a decimal system of weights and measures is not superior to our present cumbersome and time-wasting method.

When Andree set out on his famous balloon voyage to the north pole—a journey that was either to bring him immortal fame or to mark him as a foolhardy enthusiast—he left behind him a will which was not to be opened until the end of 1900. It was the explorer's belief that if he had not returned by that time, he would never return at all. It appears, too, from the papers left by him in the sealed package, that he had but little hope of success; but felt it was impossible to withdraw. It is very pathetic to read: "My presentiment tells me that this terrible journey will signify my death." Perhaps some day the mystery that now enshrouds the end of this aerial dash into the icy north will be unveiled, for later Arctic explorers may discover remains of the expedition.

The great character of Bismarck will always be a fruitful and interesting study. Here was a strong man, strong in every sense, both physical, mental and spiritual. But this unusual strength was under unusual control and this control gave him that power so much needed—reserved power. The love letters of this powerful man have recently been published and the source of his self-poised nature is revealed therein. Possessed of enormous influence and of opportunities unparalleled, he remained pure and incorruptible. It is patent from the letters written to his wife that the absolute fidelity and purity of his domestic relations were to be found in the love and respect he entertained for a woman who was to him the one woman of all the world. A man of strong passions and subjected to peculiar temptations, he could fearlessly go into the world, for he had built about him a wall of affection that no evil influence could scale. It is a revelation of sweetness. This great creator of German unity was bound by the tenderest ties for many busy years to the wife of his youth, and never ceased to love her.

According to expert testimony on the subject, the automobile is not likely to

follow in the footsteps of the bicycle so far as a cheapening of its price is concerned. So popular has the horseless carriage become that it has been generally hoped that the prices would soon be forced down to a point where the vehicle would come within the reach of a much larger class of users. On this subject, however, the Electrical Review speaks very dubiously, declaring that the cost of construction in the case of an automobile is so large that a reduction in the selling price is not likely to take place for some time to come. To this fact the Review adds the information that the demand for the machines is, so far, considerably in excess of the supply, a fact that will naturally tend to keep the prices up. The Review comes to the conclusion, however, that so popular and useful has the automobile become as a means of pleasure, recreation and for purposes of business transportation, that the price will not seriously retard its more extended use, an opinion that finds confirmation in the constantly increasing number of these useful and convenient vehicles seen in all the large cities of the country.

Andrew Carnegie, who has said that to die rich is to die disgraced, has made a respectable beginning in getting rid of his money for the benefit of others. He is credited with having given away, mostly for libraries and public halls, not far from \$17,000,000. It is doubtful if any living rich man has given away more. Possibly no one has done as much in this line. But Mr. Carnegie, with all his generosity, will have to increase the ratio of his benefactions very rapidly or quit making money or he will die disgraced. It is doubtful if his total gifts for educational and other public purposes, enormous as they are, exceeds his profits for a single prosperous year. He is 60 years of age and his fortune is counted by the hundreds of millions, and is still growing at a greater rate than ever. It looks as though the Goddess Fortune had entered into a conspiracy to compel Mr. Carnegie to die disgraced in spite of himself. If he would found and endow after the example of Stephen Girard a great industrial school in which thousands of boys now destined to be briefless lawyers, doctors without patients or poorly paid common laborers could be taught skillful handicrafts he would confer a great boon on the young men of future generations. This he could do in a way that would employ the bulk of his great fortune when he was done with it, no matter how much it may increase before he dies. Mr. Carnegie is charged nothing for the suggestion.

A Chicago judge administered a pointed criticism to that tendency of American boys who seek what is known as "genteel employment" in preference to some trade that would be less cleanly but more lucrative. The culprit was a clerk, 42 years old, who had been engaged in the one line of work all his life. He received \$8 a week and tried to support a family on that amount. During the winter his wife passed through a severe illness and the doctor's bills expanded. As a result the family was in want, and the clerk was sorely tempted. He stole a box of handkerchiefs and was detected. The judge let him off with a purely nominal sentence, but took occasion to score stungingly the spirit that leads many young men to cling to clerical work. The judge made the declaration that the average young American would prefer to work in a store at from \$6 to \$10 per week rather than engage in honest toil at a trade at twice or perhaps three times the remuneration. The tradesman supports his family as it should be supported, has less expense, dresses less expensively, and in many ways finds means for saving money that are denied to the clerk. The son of the American goes into the stores, he declared, and the son of the emigrant goes into the trades. As a result the American's son moves, perhaps, in a little higher society, but is constantly poverty stricken. The son of the emigrant has fewer social ambitions, but lives a great deal better and enjoys more of the comforts of life. Of course there are exceptions, but there is much truth in what this judge says. Occasionally there is a clerk who is energetic and ambitious and who rises to be a department manager or a partner, but many remain in the subordinate place. Many would do much better as skilled mechanics or in the trades.

Horace Greeley's Prodigality.
Horace Greeley was lavish in his gifts, often to most unworthy recipients, and was most sensitive when admonished on the subject by even his closest friends. He loaned thousands of dollars to a scapegrace son of Commodore Vanderbilt, and when Vanderbilt appealed to him to stop it, Greeley curtly closed the conversation by saying he did not expect the commodore to pay the loan.

In one of the many conversations I had with him in his dingy office in the old Tribune Building, I ventured to suggest that he was a more generous giver than his means justified, to which he answered: "Well, I guess that's so, but I can't stop it. I am like the Southern planter, who, after spending the proceeds of his crop in winter reveling, closed up the account by selling a nigger; I do it by selling a share of the Tribune." He originally owned nearly or quite one-half the paper. When he died he had but one share remaining of the 100.—Success.

Every bargain you pick up at an auction sale must first be knocked down to you.

The first thing the shoemaker uses in his business is his last.

RELIGIOUS COLUMN.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO ALL DENOMINATIONS.

Words of Wisdom, and Thoughts Worth Pondering Upon Spiritual and Moral Subjects—Gathered from the Religious and Secular Press.

The peril of the foreign refugees in Pekin, their defense, their rescue, the diplomatic questions which are pending—all these things the newspapers have described and explained; but behind all this rises something mightier still.

It is this: that the day of Christian martyrdom has not passed; that men and women of our own blood, bred in our own little country villages and educated in our common schools, have laid down their lives not only for their faith, but for the privilege of carrying that faith to others. We read of Stephen stoned by the mob, of Christians thrown to the lions in the Roman amphitheater, of the death of John Williams in the South Sea Islands; and beside these pictures dim with age we find this other picture of supreme sacrifice in our own day, vivid with contemporaneous suffering, glowing in the light of nearness and affinity.

The deaths of many of the missionaries have been accompanied by tortures too horrible to recount, yet hardly was the news received when other devoted men and women were offering themselves as volunteers to go out in the places of those who had fallen.

Is their faith fanatical? Is it fruitful in results? Let us turn to a scene in besieged Pekin for our answer, and listen to the one hundred and fifty Christian Chinese girls who felt the strain under which their teacher was suffering, and comforted her with these words: "We know that you are troubled about us, but we are praying and we are peaceful. If God is willing to spare us, we shall be glad; but if we must die, it will be all right." Or let us recall that Chinese schoolboy who blistered his hands in helping to build the breastworks, and when some one pitied him, replied: "It is not my hands but my heart that hurts. I think of these foreign soldiers coming away out here to fight for us and being killed by my own countrymen in no decent sort of warfare. It is that which makes me sad."

These may be little things; but it is written that the young man "whose name was Saul," and who guarded the clothes of those who stoned Stephen, became the great apostle to the Gentiles.—Youth's Companion.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee."
"As a writer, as a poet, there were few in the literary world of London (in the forties) who had not heard of Sarah Flower Adams, the gifted woman to whom all Christendom to-day pays homage in its love for her immortal hymn, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,'" writes Clifford Howard in the Ladies' Home Journal. "It was written in 1840, and had subsequently been set to music by Eliza Flower, and included in a collection of hymns written and composed by the two sisters. Only within that year had their book of 'Hymns and Anthems' been published, and the hymn that was destined to inspire the world had then been heard but once or twice, and within the walls of a single church—South Palace Chapel, London."

"It was not, however, until after the year 1860, when the present well-known tune was composed for it by Dr. Lowell Mason of New York, that the hymn attained its widespread popularity. Up to that time it had attracted but little notice. Through the spirit of Dr. Mason's sympathetic music it was quickened into glorious life and brought within the reach of every congregation and every Christian soul. But this was long after the author of the hymn had passed away. She died in 1848, without knowing of the triumph and the glory that awaited her work. Her grave in the little village of her birth is unmarked by any monument to her fame."

To the Uttermost.
Of his high attributes, beyond the most, I thank my God for that Omnipotent eye Beneath whose blaze no secret thing can lie.

In his infinitude of being, lost, I bless my God, I am not wrecked and tossed Upon a sea of doubt, with power to fly And hide, somewhere in immensity, One single sin, out of his reckoning crossed.

For, even there, self-conscious of its thrall, Might spring the terror—"If he knew the whole, And tracked this skulking guilt out to its goal, He could not pardon!"—but, or great or small, He knows the inmost foldings of my soul, And knowing utterly, forgives me all!—Margaret Junkin Preston.

John Vassar, the Book Agent.
What one man, who scarcely ever had the privilege of addressing a large audience, could do for Christ, is illustrated in the case of John Vassar, the book agent.

It is related of him that on one occasion he stepped into the parlor of what was then the most prominent hotel of New York City. A young woman of fashion was waiting there to meet her husband, with whom she had an appointment. Though a stranger, John Vassar spoke to her so kindly and wisely that she was profoundly moved. The old man passed on and left her forever. Her husband came in later and found her in tears.

He asked her the cause of her agitation. She replied: "There has been the strangest old

man you ever saw in here talking to me about my soul."

Her husband said, "Why did you not tell the old fool to mind his own business?"

She replied, "O, husband, if you had been here, you would have thought it was his business."

Definitions of Bible Terms.
A gash was a cent.
A cab was three pints.
An omer was six pints.
A shekel of gold was \$8.
A firkin was seven pints.
A farthing was seven cents.
A talent of gold was \$13,800.
A talent of silver was \$538.30.
Ezekiel's reed was nearly eleven feet.

A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.

A bin was one gallon and two pints.

A mite was less than a quarter of a glass.

A shekel of silver was about 50 cents.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was 13 cents.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

An ephah, or bath, contained seven gallons and five pints.

A day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches. A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

Following Christ.
We may follow Christ very imperfectly, stumbling at every step, realizing but in the smallest measure the qualities of ideal discipleship; yet if we are doing our best and are continually striving toward whatsoever things are lovely, our efforts and attainments are beautiful in the eye of the Master and pleasing to him.

MILLION-DOLLAR MINE FREE.

Profitable Deal Made by a Penniless Prospector in Montana.

The case of C. W. Sherwood illustrates well the ups and downs of mining. Sherwood had an option or bond on the Kearsarge mine, in Madison County, Montana, for \$100,000, which expires next June. He also held a lease of the mine. He didn't strike much of value in the Kearsarge, and, having in sight another prospect which he considered just as good, and which he preferred to work, he sold his bond and lease of the Kearsarge for \$250. The buyer spent \$1,000 on the mine and got nothing out of it, and he turned the property over to C. A. Damours, who was without a dollar. Damours is a geologist, and had been prospecting in Madison County for years. He took the mine on the agreement that if he struck anything he would pay the man from whom he got it the \$1,000 which that man had expended and the \$350, the first price of the bond and lease.

At once when Damours began working he struck rich ore, and now he has money enough in the bank to take up that bond next June, for the option remains good, no matter who holds it.

Damours thinks the mine is worth a million, and even the most conservative estimate places its value at \$250,000. All this Damours will possess without having a dollar to start with, and upon the promise to pay \$2,600 plus the bonded price of \$100,000, which he already has in bank.

Sherwood will get the \$250 for which he sold the bond and lease, and which the first buyer did not pay, and that is all he will get out of a mine which he himself admits has \$250,000 in sight.

As to lucky Damours, Sherwood says: "He is a Parisian, and eccentric. Anyhow, he has struck it, and struck it rich, but he is gathering the mine and working it in the most economical manner. For a long time he did all the work himself, and even now that he has a fortune in sight is only employing one man with himself, so that he can watch him. He appears to be afraid that if he hires a force of men they will steal his ore, which is very rich. I have seen chunks of quartz with nuggets of gold imbedded in it. Recently he shipped fifteen sacks of this ore that netted him \$500. This is about half a ton. I was in the mine recently, and judge that Mr. Damours has about \$250,000 in sight, but not \$1,000,000, as he asserts."

Wild Animals and Catnip.
A curious investigator and a few sprigs of catnip led to an amusing scene at the Zoo in Central Park, New York, recently.

The tigers and the puma scornfully refused to notice the herb when it was presented to them by the keeper, but the lion, the lioness and the big leopard were boisterous in their manifestations of pleasure.

The lion planted a foot upon it, smelled it, licked it, sprawled upon it, and tossed it about in ways unbecoming his kingly dignity. The leopard picked it up in her huge paw, took long and ecstatic sniffs, and rolled over and over upon it in the exuberance of her delight. In her efforts to apply it to the upper part of her head, she performed acrobatic feats of an astonishing kind.

From his experiment, the investigator was satisfied that love of catnip is not confined to the domestic branch of the cat family.

At the Rendezvous.

She—What, sleeping?
He—Excuse me, darling; but I began counting the minutes until I should hear the rustle of your tiny feet among the fallen leaves, and—
She—Well?

He—And, you know, counting always sends me to sleep.—Brooklyn Life.

A spinster says that an old bachelor is a man who has lost an opportunity to make some woman miserable for life.



Children's Corner.

Finding His Hat.
Robbie's hat was lost. He could not find it anywhere, and his mother was waiting for him to go out and do an errand for her.

"Hurry up, Robbie!" she said, coming into the sitting room. "I must have that yeast cake right away."
"I can't find my hat!" said Robbie, beginning to search in every nook and corner. "I guess, mamma, you will have to get somebody else to do that errand for you. I can't go downtown bareheaded."

Just then a wagon drove into the yard, and Uncle Will's voice cried out: "Where's Robbie? I want to take him out to the farm."

"Here I am, Uncle Will—I'm coming!" cried Robbie.

And what do you suppose?—in less than two seconds Robbie's hat was on his head, and he was bounding out into the yard!

His mother could hardly help smiling at the suddenness with which the little lad had found his hat after he really wanted to; but she knew that it would not do to let his deceit go unpunished, so she hurried out into the yard. Robbie was just scrambling up into the farm wagon.

"Uncle Will," said his mother, "Robbie was going to do an errand for me, but it took him so very long to find his hat—until he heard you call—that I am afraid he will not be back in time to go out to the farm with you to-day."
"Ah!" said Uncle Will; "I see. No, Robbie, do not think I can wait for you to-day. But some other day, when your hat doesn't keep you from getting mamma's errands done first, we will have a fine ride out to the farm."

Robbie felt his disappointment, you may be sure. But he was an honest-minded chap, and by the time he had returned with his mother's yeast-cake he was quite ready to admit in his own heart that his punishment was just what he deserved.

"And, mamma," he said, as he kissed her lovingly, "I don't think I shall ever lose my hat that way again."—Young People's Weekly.

Korean Children.

As a little lass the Korean girl is taught all about domestic work, and begins early to assist her mother in making the family clothes. If too young to paste she can at least hold over the stove the long iron rod to be used in pressing seams. The heating of this rod is the first thing taught a little girl. Later she learns how to paste clothes together, then to wash and iron them.

Now, this use of paste instead of thread is a custom, so far as I know, practiced only by the Koreans. It is done on account of their mode of ironing. To accomplish this difficult feat they rip their garments to pieces before putting them in water. After the washing, garments are laid on a smooth block of wood or stone and are beaten with ironing sticks. These sticks resemble a policeman's club, and each ironer uses two.

Girls and boys wear their hair hanging in two plaits until engaged to be married, after which the boy fastens his on top of his head and the girl twists hers at the nape of her neck. Koreans hold marriage in high regard, and show a married man profound respect, while a bachelor is treated by them with marked contempt. I have seen men greet a slip of a boy wearing a topknot with ceremonious deference, saying to each other: "He is a man; he is about to be married," while of a much older man, and possibly a richer, who wears his two plaits, they remark that "He is a pig. He cannot get a wife. He will always be a boy."

In the choice of his first bride the Korean leaves everything to the "go-between." But all other wives, and a Korean may have ten, the man makes his own selection. Women are well treated, and, as a rule, live happy, contented lives. They are gentle, attractive bodies and devoted to their homes.

Verses of Childhood.

At evening, when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl,
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track,
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, when none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

When I am grown to man's estate
I shall be very proud and great,
And tell the other girls and boys
Not to meddle with my toys.

Everynight my prayers I say,
And get my dinner every day;
And every day that I've been good
I get an orange after food.

The child that is not clean and neat,
With lots of toys and things to eat,
He is a naughty child, I'm sure—
Or else his dear papa is poor.

Playthings of Royal Folks.

The Prince of Wales as a boy was very fond of a toy fortress and the toys he and the other little royal folks played with years ago are now brought from their hiding place, so that the present young ones of the reigning family may play with them at Osborne house. The children of the Duke of York take great delight in the former toy fortress of the Prince of Wales, with its mounted brass cannon placed in position as they were more than fifty years ago. Then

there is a woolly dog that runs across the floor clumsily, an elephant moving its trunk up and down and with mouth open, and a bagatelle board—all are enjoyed to-day as they were over a half century ago by the then little folks of the family.

Many children who are not of royal birth play with costlier toys than these. The children of Queen Victoria's daughter, Princess Beatrice of Battenberg, have playthings that are very plain, such as gardening tools, scrap books, common story books and cheap dolls.

When the present Czar of Russia was a child his playthings were toy forts and cannon and tin soldiers, picture books with colored battle scenes. His chief reading was short stories about them, and he knew by heart the great war history of his own country. After this boy became a Czar and ruled the whole country he realized how his people were suffering on account of taxation necessary to pay the expenses of this vast military machine, and he proposed a conference of all the powers of Europe with a view of persuading them to disband their armies.

A Look to the Future.



The boy of the present has a glimpse of the twentieth century boy.

OLD-FASHIONED GRANDMOTHER

It Is to Be Regretted that She Is Rapidly Becoming a Thing of the Past.

Persons who still cling with some love to old ways and old fashions will read with approval Temple Bailey's dainty little lament over the "Passing of the Grandmother" in the Woman's Home Companion. He says, in part:

"The status of the grandmother of the past was fixed and immovable. Having once acquired the title she was allowed no other. Her individuality as woman, wife and mother was lost, and she was ever afterward recognized as one who should set aside all personal ambition and dedicate herself to the care of her children's children."

"To-day we have few grandmothers of that type. Secure in the doctrine of individual rights, the grandmother of modern times declines to sacrifice her life to the demands of others. Her life is her own, she argues; she has raised her own children, and now is her time for rest; her daughter must attend to the rising generation."

"But from the children's standpoint the passing of the grandmother is a calamity. They will read the stories of the past, and will long for the tender hearts and willing hands that gave themselves in service. Perhaps the hearts are just as tender to-day, but the hands are engaged in other work, and childish minds have a strange way of looking for actions rather than motives. The children want the grandmother whose kitchen is a fairy-land of spicy odors and forbidden sweets, not the grandmother who drives them to the fine candy-shop and treats them to chocolates and Scotch kisses. In their small minds, better is the corn in the popper with molasses-taffy made at home than ice cream and maroons glaze from the confectioner. The modern child may have many advantages, but he will still envy his ancestors who in childhood sat and watched the molasses bubbling, bubbling, as it boiled in a cauldron, the fire-light making flickering shadows as their grandmother told them tales of primitive days, of bears and Indians and wars."

"How Soon We Are Forgotten."

A writer in a Washington newspaper, in a column devoted to instructive and entertaining chat about the capitol, expresses surprise because in the basement of the building are portraits of "worthy old gentlemen" forgotten by "nine-tenths" of the visitors to the building, who wonders somewhat why Richard Montgomery, Thomas Mifflin, Charles Thomson, and Francis Hopkinson should find a place in the memory of the painter and on the wall of the Senate basement. The writer had looked in Fiske's "History of the United States" and could not find either Thomson or Hopkinson. When he goes to Quebec he may find the mark to indicate where Montgomery fell while trying to capture the citadel and the house in which he died. At St. Paul's church, New York, he can find his tomb. Mifflin he can find as the president of the congress that received Washington's resignation, and Thomson he will discover to have been regarded as one of the brightest men of the revolutionary time: while he has but to look at the original Declaration of Independence to see "Fras." Hopkinson's name, one of the best known of all signers because of the brilliancy and variety of his accomplishments. — New York Times.

Kitchen Necessities.

"Cook, do we need any necessities for the kitchen?"

"Yes'm, I'd like a Roman chair, one of them Venishun lanterns an' some more pillars fer th' cozy corner."—Indianapolis Journal.

When a man tells a widow that he is not worthy of her love she mildly denies it—but doesn't argue the point.

The larger a man's salary is the larger the increase he thinks he is entitled to.

THE FOUR GUESTS.

A knock at the door—but he
Was dreaming a dream of fame;
And the one who knocked drew softly
back,
And never again he came.
A knock at the door—as soft—
As soft—as shy—as a dove.
But the dreamer dreamed till the guest
was gone—
And the guest was Love.

A knock at the door—again
The dreamer dreamed away
Unheeding—deaf to the gentle call
Of the one who came that day.
A knock at the door—no more
The guest to that door came.
Yet the dreamer dreamed of the one who
called—
For the guest was Fame.

A knock at the door—but still
He gave it no reply;
And the waiting guest gave a cheery hail
Ere he slowly wandered by.
A knock at the door—in dreams
The dreamer fain would grope,
Till the guest stole on, with a humbled
sigh—
And the guest was Hope.

A knock at the door—'twas loud,
With might in every stroke;
And the dreamer stopped in his dreaming
thought,
And suddenly awoke.
A knock at the door—he ran
With the swiftness of a breath;
And the door swung wide, and the guest
came in—
And the guest was Death.
—Baltimore American.

AFTER 12 MIDNIGHT

THE man who speaks loudly in public places of the value of his sideboard and the insecurity of his front door may safely be put down as an amiable idiot. Yet Thomas Nedham of the firm of Nedham & Wilkins was no fool. He was reputed to be a cute man of business, who knew how to keep his counsel when his money was at stake, and yet here he was to-night, on the front seat of a crowded omnibus, boasting to his neighbor that his silver-plate was the heaviest in all Hampstead.

"Burglars?" he laughed, in answer to a question. "I have been thirty years a householder, and never one of the gentry has deigned to visit me. I often think that the man who takes no precaution comes off best in this matter. I have known some men spend a fortune in locks and bolts, and have a housebreaker in as regularly as the chimney sweep. You did not know my partner, Wilkins? He's been dead these dozen years, and before things went wrong with him, and I bought him out, he had a collection of coins worth £1,000. Well, he kept the treasure in a room whose windows were sheathed nightly in heavy shutters, bolted and bolted again. But, of course, he rose one fine morning to find the lot gone. That broke the old fellow's heart, and from then till they placed him in Norwood cemetery he was never off the rocks."

As the old gentleman proceeded in a lower voice to tell stories of the burglaries that he had known befall his friends, the tall young fellow immediately behind him showed evident signs of nervousness. He shifted uneasily in his seat, and, as ever and anon, the gaslights were passed, his pinched face showed white, and his big eyes seemed riveted on the jovial Nedham. When the merchant left the bus with a hearty "good night!" to all and sundry, the stripling rose and slipped off, too.

Twelve midnight had long since boomed from the church steeple opposite, and still Thomas Nedham, city merchant and importer, lay wide awake. Usually he was a heavy sleeper, but to-night slumber had deserted him.

His active brain insisted on scrutinizing and dissecting the stock and share list of the previous day, and gambling through his now silent city warehouse. The old gentleman chuckled as he held his eyes tight, and conjured before him the thousands of great bales that lumbered every inch of his stores.

"Wonderful!" he said audibly. "What a great thing may sometimes grow from a small one, to be sure! Only thirty years ago and I was wondering how I could meet a bill for £2 15s. Now, new blocks added, six and fifty warehouses, piles of paying work and still growing, growing, growing. Wonder what Wilkins would think of it all if he were looking up now? Poor Wilkins! They tell me he died declaring that I had robbed him. That was a hard thing to say. No robbery, say I, but a business transaction. Besides, in any case, it was a question of tit-for-tat. But for Wilkins I should not have been a bachelor."

Nedham moved uneasily in bed, and, through a doorway arched with troubled memory, he stole to the land of forgetfulness.

How long he slept he hardly knew, but he woke with a start. He had the distinct impression that he felt warm breath on his face, and, springing out of bed, he switched on the electric light. No trace of an intruder was in the room, but the door, which Nedham felt sure he had shut, stood partly ajar. Hastily pulling on his dressing gown and shoving his bare feet into slippers, he reached a heavy riding crop from the wall and stumbled downstairs. As he opened the drawing room door there was the shuffle of hasty feet, and when the light went up a tall young fellow, shabbily dressed, stood revealed. The two men faced each other across the table, Nedham gripping tight the whip handle.

"Now," he said, in a wonderfully composed voice, "I've caught you clean."

What in all the world may you want here?"

The youngster removed his battered hat, and his eyes fell as a tinge of color rose to his cheek.

"A straight question demands a straight answer," he replied. "I am in quest of some of the silver plate you boasted about on the top of the Hampstead bus last night. I overheard that conversation."

Nedham laughed, and laid the crop on the table.

"You young fool!" he said. "You do not know Tom Nedham, or you would not have tried this mug's game on." He rubbed his hands. "Tom Nedham has never been known to be caught napping—never!"

"I have heard said," replied the burglar nervously, "that you are a smart man of business—a very smart man of business," he added, raising his eyes and looking Nedham squarely in the face.

"You flatter me, young man," chuckled the portly merchant. "And who, may I ask, reported so favorably of me?"

"My name," replied the stripling, leaning over the table—"my name is Wilkins; my father was your partner." And having fixed that shot he awaited results.

II.

Nedham shivered slightly and his face changed color. In a moment, however, he had mastered himself.

"Ah," he said, lightly, "are you the boy I've heard him speak so often about? How strangely people meet sometimes! Who could have dreamed that I should have had the pleasure of seeing you at such an unlikely hour and place? Sit down, sir—sit down!"

The stripling sat in silence; for a minute no words passed.

"I suppose," Wilkins muttered at last, "you will now send for the police?"

The merchant laughed loudly as he lay back in his chair.

"Why police?" he said. "You have not robbed me."

"I had that intention," was the reply. "But, like most of my other schemes in life, it did not come off. But, remember, if I had cleared your sideboard I should not have called myself a robber—not even a law-breaker. My father has told me that you robbed him, and were the cause of his ruin at the end."

Nedham drew himself up, fidgeting on his seat.

"I do assure you," he said soothingly, "there is no vestige of truth in the accusation. You may not know that your father was subject to hallucinations long before we parted company."

"I disagree with you, sir," put in the other, with a trembling lip. "But that is all past now, and need not be mourned over. My father is far beyond business trickery at this moment. But, candidly, I bear you a bitter grudge, and ever will do so. So does another—my mother."

"Your mother?" queried the old man, in a whisper. "She is still alive, then? Ah, the mention of her brings back to me the days of youth. I presume your father never told you how he came between us, and made the only woman I ever loved his wife?—"

"I am in no mood for sentiment," the young man interrupted. "And, besides, that, too, is a bygone. What I do know is that the terrible crash came unexpectedly, and brought down to the earth like a card-castle all that made for happiness with us. I had to leave college, and, though I have tried, I never have been able to mend the broken thread of my life. But all this does not interest you." And he moved toward the door.

As the gentleman-burglar passed into the hall he turned with a forced smile and said:

"I came by the back door and will go by it, I presume?"

"Not at all!" cried Nedham effusively. "No visitor at Woodlands has ever been allowed to do that. Let me show you out by the front door, and, when next you come to see me, perhaps you will give me fairer warning than you did this morning."

He opened the door and held out his hand. The youngster took it coldly.

"By the way," said the merchant, "is your mother in need of money?"

"Money?" said Wilkins, drawing himself up proudly on the doorstep. "Charity? And from such as you? Thank God, we are not yet reduced to that level!"

And so saying, he passed out into the night.

Nedham listened to the retreating footsteps for some moments, and then quietly shut the door.

"Queer fellow, certainly!" he chuckled. "But a boy of spirit—ay, a boy of spirit!" he added emphatically, as he pulled on the bolts.

The Australian branch of Mr. Nedham's business, which he opened at Melbourne some four years ago, is thriving beyond all expectations. But when business friends congratulate Mr. Nedham, he laughs and says:

"I mustn't take the credit. It's young Wilkins' concern. I'm taking him into partnership with the New Year."

Odd Effect of the Sun.

The effect of strong and continual sunshine on the features is, it seems, most damaging. A writer in a Sydney paper points out that the women in some parts of Queensland are contracting a lifted upper lip. This he attributes to the fierce Queensland sunlight, which causes one to contract the facial muscles near the eyes in order to avoid the glare. The rest of the face is, of course, affected by these muscles.

Every girl of sixteen has so many important secrets with her girl friends that she longs for a cipher when she talks to them over the telephone.

BASE-BURNER THE THING.

The Old Man Says It Beats Other Heaters and that Steam and Hot Air Won't Do for the Family Use

"Well, you can talk about your steam heat and your hot water pipes and your furnaces and your natural gas all you want to, but as for me give me the good old-fashioned base-burner," said the old man as he stretched out his hands toward a glowing pattern of his favorite heater of the style of about 1885. "There's something kind of artificial about these other things, even natural gas," he continued. "Some way or another they don't go to the spot—not with me. They make me feel just like I had on a new pair of boots, and might have fitting ones at that. They go against the grain and don't make me feel at home. And, besides, they don't always deliver the goods. Now, just look at this one. You bet it delivers the goods all the time."

The old gentleman was right, at the moment, at least, for in the lamplight you could fairly see the heat shooting away from the base-burner. The thermometer registered 87 degrees and the furniture near by was beginning to smell "scorchy" and little warts in the paint had raised up on the side next the stove.

"Yes, sir," went on the base-burner advocate, "you can't find anything that'll touch the base-burner." (Certainly his proposition would not have been disputed just then.) "There's a lot of poetry to be found looking into a base-burner that is in good working order. Now, where are you going to find any poetry in looking down into a register that is spouting up nothing but a big stream of hot air, and how are

and found out how to do just the right thing. All I had to do was to keep looking there long enough and the way was made clear. Why, I want to tell you a good base burner just beats a crack fortune teller all to pieces every day in the week. And all this is the reason why I maintain that a base-burner is the only thing to have in the house for heatin' purposes and fer gettin' the family together and makin' 'em feel right."

VEILS AND THE EYESIGHT.

Women Often Ruin Their Vision by Wearing Such Gause.

One would naturally suppose the eye sight is of such inestimable value that rational human beings would scrupulously shun all risk of impairing it, and that above all things fashion should not be permitted to decree modes whose effect is to weaken that most sensitive of the organs, the eye. Yet it is a deplorable fact that many of the fashions are blindly followed by the fair sex at the behest of some "leader" in the gay world of society.

The veil is one of the fashions of the present, as it has been of past times. The sex is divided in opinion as to the effects of the veil upon the vision, but where you will find one to maintain that such an adornment fades the complexion you will find ten to aver that no penalties would prevent them from wearing it.

Go and ask an oculist his opinion, and what he has to say on the topic is to



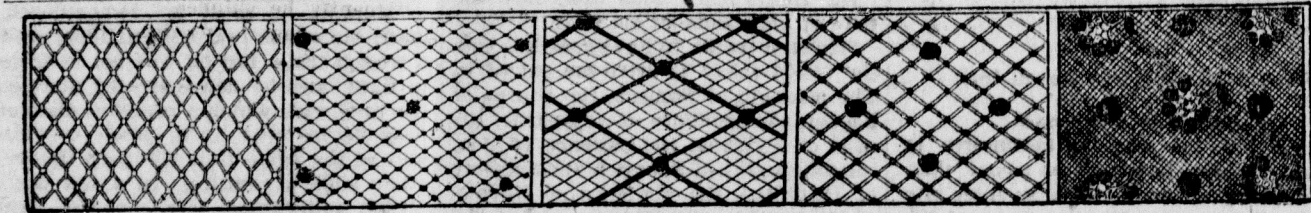
AROUND THE OLD BASEBURNER.

You going to find it putting your feet up against a steam radiator? Shucks! There's nothing in the world like a base-burner for the family to gather around. I tell you the base-burner is the heart of the home. Here the children and the old folks can get together in the right kind of style. Imagine a family gathering around a steam coil or snuggling up to the hot air shooting up from the furnace. That would promote a family feeling in fine style, wouldn't it?"

"You see, the old base-burner, with its ruddy glow and radiating heat, just sends out good feeling that can't be resisted. When the winter blasts are howling outside, fairly shaking the chimney, and shrieking around the corners and banking up the snow against the side of the house, then's

plump condemnation upon every veil that is worn. Yet he will admit that, while some nets are extremely dangerous and deleterious to the eyes, others are almost uninjurious. There are fashions in nets and gauzes, and many are the variations with which the veil is worn, but in England it always covers the eyes, and it is here that the danger arises.

Of all the veils ever tried, the ideal one is yet to be discovered. Some women can trace step by step its evolution throughout the century. They have heard their grandmothers talk about the white lace "fall" that used to be liked, and themselves can recollect the thick green, blue, gray, white and green gauze horrors worn to protect the complexion from tan. Those veils were followed by thinner silk ones, which in



SIGHT TRAPS—FIVE SPECIMENS OF THE INJURIOUS VEIL.

the time you realize what home would be without a base-burner. That's the time that all of us hustle up to the stove in a kind of semi-circle. Nobody gets clear behind the stove, where the chimney is, but that's the only place they leave clear. Then we just have a good old family talk. Me and the boys yank off our boots so's to get real comfortable and the women folks peel the apples 'n' we crack nuts, eat popcorn 'n' drink elder 'n' have the all-fired good time you ever did see.

"Then if any of the boys has got bruises on their ankles where they're tryin' to skate, it's the time that mother gets out her home-made salve and fixes 'em up. You can't do tricks like that in front of a hot water radiator. I s'pose if the boys broke through the ice and come in with their feet wet they could, maybe, dry with furnace or steam heat, but they couldn't do it quick and do it good and right, like they could with the old base-burner."

"An' you say all you please about these new-fangled heaters, but you can't make me believe that you or me could look at 'em hard enough or long enough to see things in 'em. They wouldn't help you none to solve yer problems or lighten yer burdens. But you can get all that kind of help out of the base-burner. Ye can see figures and things in the red-hot coals you couldn't find in no radiators or registers. I've looked into them coals many and many a time

their turn were deposited in favor of those of thread lace, after which came the many abominations still exploited, to wit, mesh nets dotted and patterned in various ways.

Just now they are wearing most curtailed ones again, and a feeling has also come in there for the utter banishment of the veil. A more uncomfortable and imbecile affair for afternoon teas than the mask and the chin veil is cannot be imagined.

It is a sign of grace, perhaps, that the question which is being much debated now among smart people is whether the veil does not accomplish so much harm to the visual organ as to outweigh all other considerations in its favor. They wonder whether a veil could not be contrived that would leave the eyes uncovered, while it beautified and protected the rest of the face. As a pattern, nothing could be better than the Turkish woman's yashmak, which is justly held to be the most modest face covering in existence.

The very best is a veil as fine as gossamer, which can also be most becoming, too. It has no spots at all upon it, and so does not worry the poor tortured eyes that have to dodge spots or vainly and unconsciously try to focus them, one of the worst possible exercises to which weak or imperfect sight can be put. The retrograde step is taken by Russian net veiling, which need not, however, be very trying if the mesh be fine, for it is unspotted.

Then come the quite condemned veils, which have chenille spots all over them; they are bad in proportion, as their dots are close and large or scanty and small, but they are less sight-weakening than a veil that is patterned as well as spotted, a veritable agony to sensitive sight. White veils are often much more evil in their effects than black, for the material, be it tulle or net, possesses a faculty for dazzling the vision and making everything seen through it wavering and ill-defined. Finally, has not the case been proven that those who are conscious of strain, a lack of clarity of sight or weariness after wearing a veil, should give up the task of looking smart at the expense of vision. Even the strong argument in favor of veils of a sensible and clear mesh, which the oculists do not attempt to deny, namely, that such nets do keep the eyes from the assaults of grit, especially during a drive or while cycling and motoring, should not appeal to the weak-sighted.

COLOR OF GOLD COINS.

Reasons for Differences in Tint of Coins of French Mintage.

Some time ago a Frenchman placed together a number of gold coins of French mintage of the beginning, middle and end of the last century. He was much surprised to see that they differed in color. He set about finding out the reasons for this difference, and the results of his investigations have been published in La Nature.

There is a paleness about the yellow of the ten and twenty-franc pieces which bear the effigies of Napoleon I. and Louis XVIII. that is not observed in the gold of later mintage. One admirer of these coins speaks of their color as a "beautiful paleness" and expresses regret that it is lacking in later coins. The explanation of it is very simple. The alloy that entered into the French gold coins of those days contained as much silver as copper, and it was the silver that gave the coins their interesting paleness.

The coins of the era of Napoleon III. were more golden in hue. The silver had been taken out of the alloy.

The gold coins of to-day have a still warmer and deeper tinge of yellow. This is because the Paris mint, as well as that in London, melts the gold and the copper alloy in hermetically sealed boxes, which prevents the copper from being somewhat bleached, as it always is when it is attacked by hot air; so the present coins have the full warmness of tint that a copper alloy can give.

If the coins of to-day are not so handsome in the opinion of amateur collectors as those issued by the first Napoleon, they are superior to those of either of the Napoleons in the fact that it costs less to make them. The double operation of the oxidation of the copper and cleaning it off the surface of the coin with acids is no longer employed; and the large elimination of copper from the surface of the coins, formerly practiced, made them less resistant under wear and tear than are the coins now in circulation.

PARIS IS BEST FORTIFIED.

Twenty-one Miles of Defenses Now Guard the French Capital.

The best fortified city in the world is Paris. It is defended by seven great forts about the city, eight miles away from its walls; nineteen smaller forts four miles out, each containing three acres and mounting two ninety-five-ton guns. Great stacks of 100-pound melleinite shells are ready for these guns to hurl. There are twenty-one miles of continuous fortifications about the town—earth-work walls 150 feet thick at the base and fronted by forty-five-foot mounds. So cleverly are the forts masked by long slopes of green turf and the walls by trees and bushes that one can pass in and out of Paris a dozen times and see scarcely a trace of its fortifications.

The range of the ninety-five-ton guns

is fourteen miles. To work these guns Paris has 50,000 trained artillerymen among her reservists. She could man every gun twice over, garrison all her forts with infantry reservists and put a dozen cavalry regiments into the field for scouting purposes. Such a performance no other city on earth could rival.

At every 1,000 yards along the inner slope of the fortifications is a three-story guardhouse. Some 20,000 troops could thus be sheltered within call of all attackable points. Every horse over 4 years old is registered. The general staff could choose from some 120,000 horses. There are in Paris 1,000 cabs, with three horses to a cab—48,000 mounts fairly suitable for cavalry. Add 20,000 tram and bus horses and 50,000 draught horses—the balance may be taken as in private hands. The military stores of Paris are boundless. In a day she could arm and clothe 450,000 fighting men with 70,000,000 rounds of melleinite cartridges, and at the army bakeries she reserves large stores of grain.

A Spider's Thread.

What we call a spider's thread consists of more than 4,000 threads united.

The girl who used mucilage to keep her hair in curl has been much stuck-up ever since.

Fools are apt to discern the faults of others and overlook their own.

HAD FAITH IN THE BANNER.

Small Boy Could Sleep Well Under the Folds of the Flag.

There is a 5-year old boy on Massachusetts avenue who is of the blood of patriots. His grandfather was in both the Mexican and civil wars, and his father was also a union soldier, consequently the little fellow has heard much "flag" talk in his short life and has exalted ideas of its "protective" qualities. He was the baby of the family till very recently and occupied a crib bed in his mother's room. When the new baby came Harold was put to sleep in a room adjoining his mother's, and as he had never slept alone before his small soul was filled with nameless fears, which he was too proud to tell in full.

"It's mighty lonesome in here, mamma!" he called the first night after he been tucked in his little white bed.

"Just remember the angels are near you and caring for you," replied mamma from the outer room.

"But, mamma," he objected. "I ain't acquainted with any angels and I'd be scared of them if they came rustling round same as I would of any other stranger."

"Now, Harold, you must go to sleep quietly; nothing will hurt you."

"Can't I have the gas lighted in here?"

"No, mamma doesn't think it necessary, and it is not healthy."

There was silence for some time, and then the small voice piped up again.

"Oh, mamma!"

"Yes, dear?"

"May I have grandpa's flag?"

"Why, what for? I want you to go right to sleep."

"Please, mamma!" and a small night-gowned figure appeared at the door. "Just let me stick the flag up at the head of my bed, and then I'll go right to sleep. Indeed I will. You know the other night grandpa said at the meeting that 'Under the protecting folds of the flag the weakest would be safe, and I feel mighty weak, mamma.'"

He got the flag, and when his mother looked in on him an hour later he was fast asleep with a little fat fist under his red cheek, holding fast the end of the "protecting" flag.—Washington Star.

APACHE TRIED SALT TEST.

Old Chief Victoria Selected Warriors by an Up-to-Date Method.

In the early days of Union Pacific railroading, Victoria, Nana, and the present Geronimo, the three chiefs of the Arizona Apaches, with 100 of their best bucks, came through to Green River, Wyoming.

They had heard of the "heap wagon and no boss" and had come to stop the train. They made a lasso of rawhide, and fifty men on each side held on to the rope as the freight came down the Wasatch divide. The engineer saw when several miles away what the Indians were up to, so he whistled "off brakes," and, opening his throttle, let her loose. The cowcatcher struck the rope and hurled the Indians in all directions, literally tearing them to pieces, headless, armless, and legless. Three chiefs went south to their cactus plains, very crestfallen.

Before the selected these men the old Chief Victoria had them all eat a piece of rock salt about as big as a pecan, run swiftly about 100 yards, sit down on a log or rock, and cross their legs. Then he watched the vibration of the feet which were crossed. The feet which vibrated the longest or had the longest strokes he declined to accept for a severe duty or a dangerous trip, or for one that was at all hazardous. But he accepted the feet which vibrated short, distinct, and regular strokes.

Now, what did that old chief know about pulsation of the arterial system or of heart action, and, indeed, about salt in the system? I have lived near to Indian reservations and have had occasion often to survey over their lands for railroads and other objects, and since this salt controversy I have wondered where old Victoria got his ideas. Is not the child of the sage brush plains better posted than his pale face brother?

In Former Days.

Tears clung to the lashes of Egypt's Queen, to say nothing of the headless slave who weltered in his blood at the foot of her gorgeous divan.

It was plain that the daughter of the Pharaohs had received evil tidings.

In the streets the newsboys could be heard hawking the Evening Monolith.

"All about the football game! Corinth Latin School. 10! Alexandria Polytechnic, 8!" they were shouting.

"Now, wouldn't that scald you?" faltered the Queen, and burst into tears.—Detroit Journal.

One Coming.

"Could you tell me the meaning of the word 'cataclysm'?" he asked of the street car passenger who was folding up his newspaper.

"Are you going to ride two or three blocks farther?" was queried in reply.

"Yes, sir."

"Then you'll see one. The conductor has carried that sharp-nosed woman two streets past where she wanted to get off already, and she'll wake up soon and start a cataclysm that'll probably jump the car right off the track!"—Washington Post.

Censorship in China.

The censorship is a very real thing in China. There any one who writes an immoral book is punished with 100 blows of the heavy bamboo and banishment for life. Any one reads it is also punished.

When a woman says that one of her children looks like her husband's family, it is her way of admitting that it is not as good looking as the rest.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1901.

Congress has adjourned. The necessity for an extra session has been avoided.

All the general appropriations, except the River and Harbor bill and many other important measures, have been passed, including a reduction of the war revenue taxes. Awaiting the decision of the United States Supreme Court with regard to the legal status of Porto Rico and the Philippines, Congress has postponed legislation and has given the President temporary power to provide for the government of the islands.

The Nicaragua canal bill has been once more defeated, the Hay-Pauncefote treaty having been used as the lion in the path to prevent action.

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

The Board of Supervisors met in regular monthly session Monday. All the members were present.

Liquor licenses were granted to the following dealers, who had applied at the February meeting, their bonds being found satisfactory.

First township—V. Paulaine, C. T. Conley, J. C. O'Connor, John Mangini.
Third township—Thos. Fitzgerald.
Fourth township—J. V. Azevedo.

The following dealers gave notice of intention to apply a month hence:

First township—J. Jorgensen, Union Coursing Park Association.

Fifth township—John T. Ralston.

At the request of the chairman the health officer's report was referred to the District Attorney.

A petition was presented to the board by W. H. Dunphy and others asking that certain streets in the Millbrae villa tract be closed. The petition was filed and a resolution passed fixing April 1st as the time for hearing same.

A petition was also read from Mrs. Louise Barriolhet, asking that Barriolhet lane at Burlingame be declared a public highway. On motion of Coleman the prayer of the petitioner was granted and the clerk instructed to record same in the road book of the county.

George C. Ross having withdrawn his objection, the claim of Edward Peabody for \$1100.50 for work done in Reclamation district No. 543, was approved by the board. On motion of Eikerenkotter, Mrs. McDonald, an indigent person of the first township, was allowed \$8 per month for a period of six months.

Tony Peace, an indigent person of the third township, was on motion of Debenedetti, allowed \$8 for one month.

A petition signed by P. P. Chamberlain and others was read asking that ordinance 161 extending the fishing season to May 1st be repealed. On motion of Eikerenkotter the prayer of petitioners was granted. Ordinance 169 was then duly passed making April 1st the open season for catching trout in the county.

The Clerk and Recorder was given an extra clerk for four months at a salary of \$75 per month to prepare new indexes to mortgages, etc., as suggested by the grand jury.

Constable Wagner called the attention of the board to the unsafe condition of the San Mateo jail, owing to the recent fire in the building. The matter was referred to the Supervisor of the second township.

E. F. Fitzpatrick appeared before the board on behalf of Tanforan race track and asked to have some action taken on the petition presented at the last meeting, asking that ordinance 168 limiting racing to 35 days, be repealed. Mr. Fitzpatrick called the board's attention to the character of the men who had signed the petition, their standing, etc., and urged the board to rescind the ordinance now in effect. Rev. J. J. Martin, in a vigorous speech, strongly urged the Supervisors to stand by their former action. The chairman thought the board did right in passing the measure and should adhere to the action of some weeks ago. Debenedetti, who voted to limit racing a month ago, explained that 90 per cent of the people wanted unlimited racing in the county and he was willing to do their bidding. The ordinance repealing the former one and permitting unlimited racing in the county was offered by Eikerenkotter and passed by the following vote: Ayes—Coleman, Eikerenkotter, Debenedetti; noes—McEvoy, McCormick.

A communication was read from the board of examiners notifying the board that \$176 had been allowed for orphans.

Chairman McEvoy stated that a bill was before the Legislature to widen and deepen San Francisco creek at

its mouth, and that portion of the expense would fall on this county if the bill passed. The following resolution was then presented and adopted:

Whereas, a bill has been introduced in the Legislature of California entitled Assembly Bill No. 323, to amend certain sections of an Act entitled "An Act to Provide for the Formation of Protection Districts in the various Counties of the State," etc.;

And Whereas, in and by said proposed bill it is intended to change the present law relative to Protection Districts in such a way that if said bill is passed and should become a law, great expense will be entailed upon San Mateo county without said county deriving any benefits therefrom;

And whereas, the present law now in force is ample to cover all cases, and is equitable and just.

Now, therefore, it is resolved by the Board of Supervisors of the county of San Mateo in regular session assembled, that said proposed bill is obnoxious to the interests of this county, and will cause an unwarrantable burden and expense thereon, and that the representatives from this county to said State Legislature be, and they are hereby requested to use their best efforts to defeat said bill. And that a copy of this resolution be immediately forwarded to the Senators and Assemblymen from this county.

Ordinance 171, repealing ordinance 166, regulating the speed of trains in the county, was presented by McCormick and unanimously passed.

The District Attorney, to whom was presented the health officers' report, reported that the office was vacant inasmuch as the law required that official to be appointed annually. McEvoy claimed that there was no need for a health officer and it was a useless expenditure of money in paying a large salary, as the results did not justify it. Debenedetti held that it was an important office and urged the appointment of the incumbent, Dr. Barrett. Dr. Barrett was appointed by the following vote: Ayes—Coleman, Eikerenkotter, Debenedetti; noes—McEvoy, McCormick.

Following claims were allowed:

| INDIGENT FUND. | |
|--------------------------|---------|
| John P. Cullen | \$ 4.00 |
| Frances Brothers | 11.00 |
| Paul Bettelheim | 64.03 |
| Levy Bros. | 26.37 |
| C.H. Colpe | 16.10 |
| Herman & Co. | 64.61 |
| A. E. Baldwin | 50.00 |
| T. W. Keating | 10.00 |
| J. M. Matney | 10.00 |
| J. H. Hatch | 257.90 |
| S. C. Herrero | 65.00 |
| James Maley | 30.00 |
| FIRST ROAD FUND. | |
| Frank O'Reilly | \$ 3.00 |
| C. O'Reilly | 8.00 |
| Robert O'Reilly | 26.00 |
| George Purrier | 22.00 |
| M. J. Matney | 22.00 |
| M. Corbett | 35.09 |
| A. Jenevein | 34.00 |
| James K. O'Connor | 38.00 |
| P. W. Morrisey | 117.00 |
| T. Fahy | 129.00 |
| J. J. Dwyer | 124.00 |
| F. Minor | 316.50 |
| W. F. Taylor | 36.00 |
| W. S. Taylor | 8.00 |
| P. O'Malley | 39.00 |
| J. McNamara | 43.00 |
| FIRST ROAD FUND—SPECIAL. | |
| Charles A. Warren | 650.25 |
| E. Delmus | 43.00 |
| John D. Dunley | 81.00 |
| A. H. German | 7.00 |
| E. W. McLellan | 12.00 |
| GENERAL FUND. | |
| W. M. Barret | 5.00 |
| Levy Bros. | 53.00 |
| J. R. Murphy | 160.00 |
| Butano Mill Co. | 34.08 |
| West Bend | 16.00 |
| Democrat | 72.40 |
| Times-Gazette | 81.83 |
| J. L. Wood | 10.00 |
| Dan Neville | 66.15 |
| W. E. Wagner | 119.55 |
| J. H. Mansfield | 459.00 |
| Robert Chatham | 88.70 |
| James Hanon | 264.00 |
| Borden & Hatch | 203.58 |
| E. E. Cunningham | 45.00 |
| E. M. Tilton | 61.25 |
| Tacoma Mill Co. | 74.38 |
| Hughes & Peers | 112.24 |
| M. F. Healey | 75.94 |
| N. Hansen | 104.44 |
| C. A. Hooper & Co. | 57.17 |
| C. F. Wilson | 13.75 |
| L. E. Dexter | 30.00 |
| The Hicks Judd Co. | 181.00 |
| B. B. Weeks | 22.60 |
| James D. Hynes | 30.00 |
| Paulo Vasquez | 38.50 |
| Levy Bros. | 79.01 |
| H. H. Hurd | 4.00 |
| B. B. Weeks | 153.79 |
| A. Miramontes | 12.50 |
| Sunset Tel. Co. | 12.25 |
| Joseph Kerr | 69.00 |
| C. O. Fitcher | 50.50 |
| N. B. Graves | 5.40 |
| Chas. Imporsani | 3.00 |
| R. L. Mattingly | 72.00 |
| Democrat | 45.00 |
| G. Einstein | 9.00 |

Board adjourned to March 18th.

Fear of the Dead.
Fear of the dead is instinctive in man. There is no doubt about that. I do not profess to be able to enter into the exact reasons for that fear; whether it be that man instinctively recoils from contemplation of the fallen temple alone or what not, it is sufficient that the fear exists.

Neither is this instinctive fear of the dead confined to man. I owned a horse once that could never be driven past a dead horse. The animal exhibited all the signs of true fear.

Fear coupled with shock can produce insanity. I do not think that the reason of a normal man would be unseated if he were looked up alone with a corpse for many hours, though a person with weak nerves certainly might be so affected. If a man discovered that his sweetheart had died suddenly while alone with him, the shock might render him insane.

Even to those most familiar with death and dead bodies there is something awe inspiring about a corpse, and no man's nerves are proof against a fright. I remember once, when I was alone in the dissecting room at night, the hand of the subject upon which I was engaged became loosened. I did not notice what had happened. Suddenly the arm of the subject swung around, and the hand struck the side of my face. Years of training in immunity from superstition vanished in the jump that I gave. Dr. John D. Quackenbos in New York World.

WANTED—ACTIVE MAN OF GOOD CHARACTER to deliver and collect in California for our establish manufacturing wholesale house. \$800 a year, sure pay. Honesty more than experience required. Our reference, any bank in any city. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manufacturers, Third Floor, 354 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Emerson's Last Lecture.

In his "Eccentricities of Genius" Major Pond tells the pathetic story of Ralph Waldo Emerson's last lecture, delivered in the Old South church in Boston for the fund to save that building from demolition:

"As he began reading his lecture the audience was very attentive. After a few moments he lost his place, and his granddaughter, sitting in the front row of seats, gently stepped toward him and reminded him that he was lecturing. He saw at once that he was wandering, and, with the most charming, characteristic, apologetic bow, he resumed his place, an incident that seemed to affect the audience more than anything else that could possibly have occurred. A few moments later he took a piece of manuscript in his hand and, turning around with it, laid it on a side table. Just then one of the audience said to me (I think it was Mrs. Livermore or Mr. Howe), 'Please have the audience pass right out,' and, rushing up to Mr. Emerson, said, 'Thank you so much for that delightful lecture,' then, turning around, waved the audience to go out.

"He probably had been speaking about 15 minutes. The audience passed out, many of them in tears. It was one of the most pathetic sights I ever witnessed."

His Exact Words.

Interviewer—Alderman Swelhed, I have come to get your views on the proposed change in the curriculum of the grammar school.

Alderman Swelhed—Curriculum! What's that? I'm ag'in it, whatever it is.

Alderman Swelhed, reading the report of the interviewer next morning: "Our distinguished townsman, Mr. M. T. Swelhed, was found at his charming home, surrounded by abundant indication of ripe scholarship and sturdy common sense. In reply to our reporter's question he said:

"I do not desire to force my opinions upon the public, but this I will say, that I have given to this question long and studious attention, incidentally examining into the curricula of institutions of learning both at home and abroad, and, although I find in the existing course of study not a few matters for condemnation, still, upon the whole, I cannot say that I should advise any radical change until I have further time to examine into the subject."

"By George, that feller's got my exact language, word for word! And he didn't take no notes neither! By George, what a memory that feller must have!"—Tit-Bits.

Surface Indications.

From "A Book on Dartmoor," written by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, comes a story which might have come from a less trustworthy source:

The wild and romantic country of Dartmoor consists of a tableland with rugged peaks or tors and all but impassable marshes. After a dry summer it is easy to pick one's way across parts of it which at other times are full of pitfalls. At one of the latter periods a man was cautiously treading his way across one of the treacherous marshes when he saw a hat lying brim downward on the sedge. He gave it a gentle, good humored kick in passing and almost jumped out of his skin when a choked voice called out from beneath:

"What be you a-doin to my 'at?"

"Be there now a chap under'n?" exclaimed the traveler.

"Res, I reckon, and a boss under me likewise."

Easy Going Japs.

Japanese business methods are in the less important places of a very go as you please description. At Nagasaki the other day a foreigner calling at the branch of one of the chief shipping companies found the whole place deserted. It appeared that, the day being fine, the manager and staff had gone out on a mushroom hunting expedition. Mushroom hunting is a pursuit that appeals to every true Japanese.

A Difficult Wife.

An Englishman thus describes the wife of his bosom in his will: "Heaven seems to have sent her into the world solely to drive me out of it. The strength of Samson, the genius of Homer, the prudence of Augustine, the skill of Pyrrhus, the patience of Job, the philosophy of Socrates, the subtlety of Hannibal, the vigilance of Hermogenes, would not suffice to subdue the perversity of her character."—Exchange.

A Popular Host.

Traveler—Eh? Has this hotel changed hands?

Clerk—Yes; the old landlord busted up; owed thousands of dollars to all the provision dealers in the neighborhood. For every \$10 he took in he spent \$20.

Traveler—Too bad, too bad! He's the only landlord I ever met who knew how to keep a hotel.—New York Weekly.

Missed the Name.

Guest of the Doctor's (late home from the theater)—Hurry up, old chap, and let me in.

Absentminded Doctor (who has forgotten all about his visitor)—Who are you?

Guest—Mr. Trane.

Doctor—Missed a train, have you? Well, catch the next.—London Fun.

The Star.

"Now," we asked him, "who should be considered the star of your company?"

"The bloodhound, me boy, the bloodhound," said the gentleman that played Legree. "He has something to eat every day, whether the rest do or not."

As a Remedy.

"I want to get copies of your paper for a week back," said the visitor to the newspaper office.

"Wouldn't it be better to try a porous plaster?" suggested the facetious clerk.—Philadelphia Record.

MORGAN'S RAIDERS.

THE FAMOUS ROUGH RIDING CAMPAIGN OF THE CIVIL WAR.

It Carried Panic and Confusion Into Ohio and Indiana, but Resulted in No Benefit Whatever to the Confederate Cause.

"Cavalry riding," said the major, "is exciting, but very exhausting business. Long distance raids in an enemy's country can be made only where there are a good many horses. John Morgan could never have made his raid through Indiana and Ohio in 1863 if the counties raided had not been well supplied with the best horses in the west. When he started from the Cumberland river, in east Tennessee, Morgan believed that he would sweep everything before him and that, if properly supported, he would capture Cincinnati.

"Morgan, with a well organized brigade of cavalry 4,000 strong, swept northward from the Cumberland river through Kentucky to the Ohio river at Brandenburg, 40 miles below Louisville. There he captured two steamboats, crossed the river, swept through southern Indiana, galloped around Cincinnati, not more than ten miles from the city, and then moved eastward, expecting to cross the Ohio river at Buffington, but was driven back, made another attempt at Wellsboro, but was finally captured at New Lisbon.

"This was the most remarkable raid of the war. It carried panic and confusion into Ohio and Indiana, but in results it was of no benefit whatever to the Confederate cause. Morgan believed that there would be an uprising in the Confederate interest in Kentucky. There was not. He believed that the peace Democrats in Ohio would give him at least secret support, but when his men stole the horses of the peace Democrats the latter joined the ranks of Morgan's pursuers, and before the raid was half over the whole state was aroused, and men who had taken no interest in the war previous to that time shouldered their squirrel rifles to fight the raiders who were stealing their horses and carrying the horrors of war to their very doors.

"There was hard riding all the time for Morgan's men. They left behind them a wreckage of broken down horses. They kept ahead of their Union pursuers simply because they stole horses right and left and remounted the men, but they were finally captured, and that fall Ohio gave the war party the largest majority in the history of the state up to that time. In fact, the Morgan raid, by carrying the war into the peaceful districts of Indiana and Ohio, provoked a furious feeling of resentment, which influenced people for 20 years.

"The comedy of the raid was furnished by the people of the districts wholly unused to war, wholly unprepared for it and with exaggerated ideas of the ferocity of Morgan's men. For two weeks it was only necessary for some mischievous boy to shout, 'Morgan is coming!' in any village in central or southern Ohio to create a panic. I know that many of the raiders after Morgan got no rest night or day, slept in the saddle, and not a few of them fell off their horses in sleep. At the end of the raid they were as exhausted as Morgan's men, but with a more difficult task to perform they never received half the praise given to the raiders.

"I remember," continued the major, "one case in which a woman stabled her carriage horses in the parlor for two days to keep them out of Morgan's hands. I saw Morgan's men ride by that house and saw some of them stop to listen at the unusual sound of horses' feet on a carpeted floor, but the parlor horses were not disturbed. Some of our neighbors drove their horses, cattle and sheep 30 miles into the interior and were away from home a week. Morgan's men looted right and left, and some of them had bolts of calico strapped to their saddles when they were captured.

"Morgan, it must be remembered, made his whole raid with artillery and a wagon train, but he was not in Ohio to fight, and he demonstrated at once the ease with which a peaceful district may be invaded by a mobile column and at the same time the peril involved in such a venture. In a few days 50,000 militiamen were in the field against him. At first he played with these green soldiers, but at last they hung on his flanks, eager for fight as bulldogs. In the last days Hobson's men, who had followed Morgan for hundreds of miles through three states, closed in on their old enemies with a gleefulness that exceeded anything of the kind I ever saw in the army, and Judah's men, closing in on the other side, settled the fate of the raiders.

"Morgan's men knew by the maneuvering and the firing when they were faced by trained soldiers, and the first charge of the Union cavalry had in it the impetus of delayed vengeance. The Unionists who rode in that charge had old scores to settle, and Morgan's tired veterans were overwhelmed. After Morgan had escaped from the penitentiary at Columbus and had reorganized his command and was again raiding Kentucky hundreds of Union soldiers on their way home for discharge left their trains and joined in the pursuit simply to get a crack at the old raider, and Morgan knew when their rifles spoke that he was up against the real thing."

First Thought.

"What animal is it that is web footed, Tommie?"

"The spider, ma'am."—Yonkers Statesman.

A millionaire merchant says, "My success is probably due to the fact that at night I store my mind and during the day I mind my store."—Chicago News.

Wanted to Broaden Him.

Charles B. Hanford while playing in a Texas town was approached by a young man in typical cowboy fashion, who said:

"Are you the manager of this play that comes tonight?"

Mr. Hanford said he was.

"Do you want to hire a man to help act?"

"No. My company is complete."

"Want to hire a man to help count money?"

"No."

"Want to hire a man to get out in the back of the theater and holler and applaud?"

"Not this tour. The audiences are attending to that very satisfactorily."

"Want anybody for anything on earth?"

"Not that I think of at present."

"Well, that's just our luck. We've got a man here who recites pieces in consideration of being treated. If he doesn't get treated, he'll hang around and make the barroom unpleasant for hours. We don't want to hurt him, for he's a good sort in the main. But he only knows three pieces—Mark Antony's oration, Hamlet's soliloquy and Rienzi's address to the Romans. We thought that if you could flatter his mind into the belief that he's a great genius and haul him around the country two or three trips, so that he can learn a few new pieces from you, we'd be willing to make up a purse that would come mighty near making it worth while."—New York Telegram.

Too Much For the Cab.

One of the wealthiest wine merchants in Paris and also one of its stoutest citizens was the hero of an episode which caused much laughter in the Rue Princesse.

M. R., the corpulent man, hailed a cab, which came alongside the curb. He opened the door and, getting a purchase on the railing of "cabby's" seat, tried to hoist himself in.

But his weight was too much for the vehicle, which careened over and, as the sidewalk is very narrow, crashed into a window of a printing office. M. R. had meanwhile collapsed on the ground, and "cabby" by a miracle clung to his uncertain perch.

Then followed a stormy period. The printer came out and wanted to have the price of his broken window, the fat man tried to get the cabby to drive him away, and cabby refused to take any such load on board.

Finally all parties adjourned to the police station, where the difficulty was straightened out, and M. R. set to work looking for another cab.—Paris Temps.

Small Change.

"You know, I feel just like a counterfeited bill," observed a young man to a friend with whom he was walking, stopping in front of a barroom.

"Why?" queried his partner.

"I cannot pass," the other explained, waving his hand toward the entrance of the place.

"Oh," remarked his friend, "don't let that feeling worry you. You know, I'm somewhat accustomed to shoving the queer." And he took the man with a thirst by the arm and carried him on down the street.—Memphis Scimitar.

She Knew.

A clergyman while catechizing his Sunday school had occasion to ask the children the meaning of the word "epistle." A little girl in the youngest class was so certain that she knew that she did not hesitate a minute, but, with the greatest of confidence, answered, "An epistle is the wife of an apostle."—New York Sun.

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Corner Grand and Linden Avenue,
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

TOWN NEWS.

Times good.
Weather perfect.
Building started.
More dwellings wanted.
Anti-Tanforan ordinance repealed.
Emeryville is exactly Tom Williams' size.
Tom Williams don't run San Mateo county.
Alex Gordon of Redwood City was in town Monday.
J. Jorgensen, Esq., paid a visit to Redwood City Monday.
P. J. Lynd of San Francisco paid our town a visit Thursday.
A. L. Show of San Jose was in town on business Monday.
John Riley of Crockett paid our town a visit on Friday of last week.
The partnership of the Puritan and Blackleg has gone into insolvency.
The anti-Tanforan war was a tempest in a tea pot of the opera-bouffe variety.
The noble horse stands once more in San Mateo county the equal of the ignoble dog.
H. P. Tyson of San Francisco was in town on Tuesday looking after his investments here.
Born—In Oakland, on Sunday, February 24, 1901, to the wife of Jack Vandenberg a daughter.
The Lyman Bros. have the frame up for the new 9-room residence flat building of Mrs. Vestey.
George Kneese has returned home from the German Hospital and is able to be about his store again.
Superintendent of Schools, Miss E. M. Tilton, paid an official visit to our public school on Wednesday.
The race-track war is over in San Mateo county. Now let us turn our attention to more serious matters.
Monday last was pension day and the old vets sent their quarterly compliments to their beloved Uncle Samuel.
Lyman Bros. received a shipment of hardware and plumbing material on Monday for the Frost residence flat building.
The Coast Advocate fired off its little pop gun and when the smoke cleared away found it had hit what the Irishman shot at.
Mrs. Elizabeth McDonald has been granted support by the Board of Supervisors at the rate of \$8 per month for six months.
Wm. Crocker, who has been very seriously ill at the residence of Mr. S. C. Coombes, is steadily improving under the skillful care of Dr. Plymire.
Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.
The Board of Supervisors, in repealing the anti-Tanforan ordinance, simply took a broad-gauge, liberal and business-like view of the racing business in San Mateo county.
On Wednesday morning a man named J. A. Gass, supposed to be a resident of San Francisco, was run over and instantly killed by a passenger train of the S. P. Co., near Millbrae.
If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.
A man named Dailey, a recent arrival from the East, was given a night job switching the engine on the Company's road from the S. P. Depot to the packing house and after working six nights left the engine Tuesday night and has not since been seen or heard from. The job evidently was not to his taste.
Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.
The Postmaster at this place has received a liberal supply of choice garden seeds from our member of Congress, Hon. E. F. Loud, also from U. S. Senator Thomas R. Bard. It is the wish of Senator Bard and Congressman Loud that these seeds shall be given out to citizens who will put them to a good use by planting them.
A free ride to all from San Francisco and to San Francisco to all buyers of furniture and carpets. The Pattossein Co., corner 16th and Mission, is just now having a challenge sale and the prices are very low. No one should miss it; real Brussels carpet is going at 45c per yard.
South San Francisco, Feb. 28, 1901.
Editor Enterprise: Dear Sir—Tippecanoe Tribe No. 111, Improved Order of Red Men, was instituted at Butchers' Hall by F. D. Brandon, assisted by J. Boyes, Great Chief of Records P. L. Bliss, Past Great Sachem George W. Lovie, George H. Buck, Past Sachem Gustad, West, Thompson, and Teams from San Francisco and Redwood City. Thirty-five members were initiated. List of chiefs elected: J. P. Newman, Sachem; H. G. Plymire, Senior Sagamore; J. B. Wallace, Junior Sagamore; Julius Eikerenkotter, Prophet; J. H. Kelley, Chief of Records; H. J. Vandenberg, Keeper of Wampum. Trustees—T. C. Connelly, Charles Willin, R. Gollnick. E. Adams, First Sannap; George Apel, Second Sannap; R. Carroll, Guard of Forest; A. Lindholm, Guard of Wigwam.
Vote of thanks was extended to officers, and members of Metamora Tribe No. 24. After the ceremonies were over a banquet was given.

A SUDDEN AND SHOCKING DEATH.

On Tuesday morning Harrison M. Hawkins, while engaged in the performance of his duties as night watchman at the packing-house of the Western Meat Company, came to his death in a sudden and most shocking manner. About 12:30 o'clock Mr. Hawkins left the machine room where he had been engaged in oiling the machinery and went up on the elevator to the floor of the sausage department to bring a truck load of hams from the sausage department down to the cooling room. After waiting for some time for Mr. Hawkins' return and becoming uneasy on account of his prolonged absence, Chief Engineer E. C. Collins went up to the sausage room to look for him. On reaching the sausage department Mr. Collins heard a noise, and going to the door of the elevator, could hear the groans of a man at the bottom of the shaft. Engineer Collins called down the shaft to Mr. Hawkins asking what was the matter, and at the second call Mr. Hawkins replied feebly: "I am nearly dead." Mr. Collins rushed down the several stairs and on his way called fireman Daley to accompany him. The two went down to the bottom of the shaft in the basement of the building and there found Mr. Hawkins flat on his back, his arms outstretched, and beside him in the shaft pit the heavy truck standing right side up. Carrying the injured man to the foot of the first stairs, Mr. Collins summoned night engineer Haskins and the three carried the injured man up to the engine-room. Mr. Collins left Mr. Hawkins in the care of fireman Daley and went with all haste to town for Dr. Plymire. The doctor promptly responded to the call, but before the doctor reached the packing-house Mr. Hawkins had expired.
From the statement of Engineer Collins before the Coroner's jury, at the inquest held on Tuesday morning, it appears probable that on reaching the floor of the sausage rooms, in shifting the belt from the tight to the loose pulley to stop the elevator, Mr. Hawkins failed to entirely clear the belt from the tight pulley, and consequently when he stepped out, the elevator relieved of the weight, ascended to the top of the building, where it was afterward found, and that Mr. Hawkins, thinking the elevator was still in place at the sausage department floor, got the truck load of hams and pushing it before him or pulling it after him, plunged down the open shaft some sixty feet to his death. The lamp in the elevator was not lighted and the lantern carried by Mr. Hawkins was found at the bottom of the shaft. Mr. Hawkins was a pioneer citizen of this place and a man universally respected and esteemed. He was a native of the State of New York, and at the time of his death, was 59 years of age. He leaves a wife and an adopted daughter, the latter the wife of Mr. Zell W. Rollins, to mourn his loss.
The funeral, one of the largest in the history of our little town, took place from the family residence on Grand avenue, at 2 o'clock p. m. of Thursday, March 7th. His body was tenderly laid at rest by his grief-stricken family and sorrowing friends in beautiful Cypress Lawn Cemetery.

OUR SCHOOL.

Miss Etta M. Tilton, County Superintendent of Schools, visited the school Wednesday afternoon.
There are several new pupils this week.
Our composition number is contributed by Dannie Hyland of Miss Mount's room.
THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL.
It was very cold. The snow fell fast. It was the last night of the year. On this cold night a little girl went along. Her head and feet were bare. She had slippers on. She lost them trying to get out of the way of two carriages. A boy ran off with one. He said it would do for a cradle when he had children of his own. She went on. Her head and feet were all red and blue from the cold. In her apron she had some matches and she had a bundle in her hand. No one had bought a match of her. Hungry and cold she went on. Poor little girl. No one had bought a match of her. Where the light fell upon the side of the house she could see into a room. She saw a table with the New Year's goose upon it. She looked, and the goose came down off the table and walked over to the little girl. Just then the match went out and the cold bare side of the house was before her. She curled herself up with her little feet under her. She was colder than ever. But she was afraid to go home, for no one had bought a match of her.
Besides, it was about as cold at home for the wind and snow came in through the roof. The many lights went higher. Now she saw that there were stars in the sky. One of them fell. It made a long bright light. Now some one is dying she said to herself. For her grandmother, that was now dead and that had always been good to her, said that when a star fell a soul went up to God. She lighted another match. Again it became bright. In the bright light her grandmother was standing before her. She looked more beautiful than ever. "Grandmother!" cried the little one, "Oh, take me with you. I know that you will go when the match burns out. You will go as did the warm stove and the New Year's goose." She was so afraid her grandmother would go that she lighted all the rest of the bundle. They burned with so bright a light that it became brighter than day. In the corner between the two houses the little girl lay dead, dead from the cold on New Year's eve. No one knows what beautiful things she saw on New Year's eve. No one knows what light and joy she and her grandmother were in New Year's day.

PCE A. PONATOWSKI, President.

CHARLES L. FAIR, Vice-President.

THE SAN FRANCISCO JOCKEY CLUB

Will Have

75 Days of Racing

Beginning November 19, 1900

AT TANFORAN PARK.

First Meeting—Monday, Nov. 19, 1900, including Saturday, Dec. 1, 1900.
Second Meeting—Monday, Dec. 17, 1900, including Saturday, Dec. 29, 1900.
Third Meeting—Monday, Jan. 21, 1901, including Saturday, Feb. 9, 1901.
Fourth Meeting—Monday, Feb. 25, 1901, including Saturday, March 9, 1901.
Fifth Meeting—Monday, March 25, 1901, including Saturday, April 3, 1901.
Sixth Meeting—Monday, April 22, 1901, including Saturday, May 4, 1901.

of which three days of the last week will be given up to the California Pony and Steeple Chase Association.

Magnificent Racing Is Confidently Expected.

D. LYNCH PRINGLE, Secretary. RALPH H. TOZER, Racing Secretary.

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A low tax rate.
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The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.
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A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.
An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.
Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.
Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.
Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

FOR RENT.

February 1st, the store occupied heretofore by C. T. Connelly, on Grand avenue. Apply to E. E. Cunningham at Postoffice Building, or G. W. Bennett, care of Levi Strauss, 14 Battery street, San Francisco, Cal.

It Came Off.

Mother—Willie, your face is very clean, but how did you get such dirty hands?
Willie—Washin me face.—Tit-Bits.

The first photographic portrait taken was of a Mrs. Dorothy Draper in 1839 by her brother, Dr. John Draper.

Ireland sends annually 44,000 tons of eggs, some 640,000,000 in round numbers, to England alone.

WANTED—ACTIVE MAN OF GOOD CHARACTER to deliver and collect in California for old established manufacturing wholesale house. \$800 a year, sure pay. Honestly more than experienced required. Our reference, any bank in any city. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manufacturers, Third Floor, 324 Dearborn St., Chicago.

NOTICE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY OF SAN MATEO, State of California (Probate).
In the matter of the estate of Joseph K. South, deceased.
Notice for publication of time appointed for probate of will.
Notice is hereby given that Thursday, the 28th day of March, 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, and the Courtroom—Probate—of said Court, in Redwood City, in the County of San Mateo, State of California, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said Joseph K. South, deceased, and for hearing the application of Jacob Stryan for the issuance to him of letters testamentary thereon.
M. H. THOMPSON, Clerk.
By H. W. SCHABERG, Deputy Clerk.
Henry W. Walker, Attorney for Petitioner.
Dated March 24, A. D. 1901.

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company.

202 SANSOME STREET.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company will be held at the office of the company, 202 Sansome Street, San Francisco, California, on

MONDAY, MARCH 18, 1901,

at 10 o'clock a. m., to elect directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of any other business that may come before the meeting.
GEO. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.
San Francisco, Cal., March 2, 1901.

W. E. GILMAN P. G. LYNCH

Gilman & Lynch,

Restaurant

and Boarding.

WINES, LIQUORS CIGARS

Tanforan Park,

South San Francisco, Cal.

Western Turf Race Track.

Walter F. Bailey
Painting and Decorating

In all its Branches.

104 Grand Ave., South San Francisco, Cal.

Leave orders at Office in Merriam Block.

H. E. Plymire, M. D.

SURGEON, W. M. CO.

OFFICE HOURS—1 to 4, and 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, San Mateo County, Cal.

Residence, Mr. McEwen's.



First-Class Stock

BOOTS: and SHOES, Constantly on hand and for sale Below City Prices.

All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.

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GRAND AVE., South San Francisco.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Ladies and Children Free.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. CRAFT, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of Flannels and Silks.

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,

South San Francisco, Cal.

IF YOU WANT GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

ARMOUR HOTEL.

Table and Accommodations the Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in Connection with the Hotel.

German Bakery and Confectionery

Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies delivered at any hour of every day. Fancy Cakes and Ice Cream made to order. Genuine French Bread baked every day.

HENRY MICHENFELDER, Proprietor.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Beer & Ice

—WHOLESALE—

THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of the

Wieland, Fredericksburg, United States, Chicago, Willows and South San Francisco

BREWERIES

—AND— THE UNION ICE CO.

Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited. South San Francisco, Cal.

The Real Thing.
A Genuine Wayside Inn.

Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.

Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

San Mateo County Building and Loan Association.

Assets, \$175,000.00.

Monthly Payments \$14.15 per \$1000

No advance premium charged. Book value of shares allowed in payment of loans, and re-payment accepted at any time.

GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary, Redwood City.

Facts for Women

Any article, whatever its merit, must be made known to the public by means of advertising. Advertising, however, though it can do much for a thing, cannot do everything. It may create a sale for a time, but in order to insure a lasting demand the thing advertised must have solid worth.

This is the case with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has solid worth.

Women everywhere have learned this fact, and the result is that there is a lasting and absolutely unequalled demand for it. It has the largest sale of any remedy for female ills in the world, and this has been the case for years.

The reason for this is that Mrs. Pinkham claims nothing that she is not entitled to claim. She can do all that she says she can do, and her twenty years of experience make her advice invaluable. Her experience has been not only long but world-wide, and she has helped more women back to health than any one else in the world. These facts should, and do, have immense weight with all sensible women. Remember these are not wild statements but solid facts.

Facts About the Good Being Done by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in Cases of Change of Life, Bearing-Down Pains, Etc.

"I had falling, inflammation and ulceration of the womb; backache, bearing-down pains; was so weak and nervous that I could not do my own work; had sick headache, no appetite, numb spells, hands and feet cold all the time. I had good doctors, but none of them did me any good. Through the advice of a lady friend I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after taking one bottle I felt greatly relieved, and by the time I had used several bottles was completely cured, so that I could do my work again. I am now passing through the change of life and using your Compound. It helps me wonderfully. I want every suffering woman to know what your medicine has done for me."—Mrs. W. M. BULL, New Palestine, Mo.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved my life and gave back a loving mother to eleven children, which was more than any doctor could have done or any other medicine in the world wide. My trouble was child-bed fever. The third day after my babe was born I took a chill, which was followed by a high fever. I would perspire until my clothes were as wet as though dipped in a tub of water. The chills and fever kept up for three days. My daughter got me a bottle of your Compound. The fourth dose stopped the chills, and the fever also disappeared. My life was saved. My age at this critical time was forty-nine."—LYDIA E. BOUGHER, Etna, Pa.

Facts About Two Cases of Falling of the Uterus Recovered by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I suffered for fifteen years without finding any relief. I tried doctors, but nothing seemed to do me any good. I had falling of the womb, leucorrhoea, pain in the back and head, and those bearing-down pains. One bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did me so much good that I sent for four more, also two boxes of Liver Pills and one package of Sanative Wash. After using these I felt like a new woman."—Mrs. G. A. WINTER, Glidden, Ia., Box 220.

"I was suffering with falling of the womb, painful menstruation, headache, backache, pain in groins, extending into the limbs; also a terrible pain at left of womb. The pain in my back was dreadful during menstruation, and my head would ache until I would be nearly crazy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has given me great relief. I suffer no pain now, and I give your medicine all the praise."—Mrs. J. P. McSPADEN, Rosenberg, Tex.

A Grateful Woman Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Every Wife and Mother.

"I have taken eight bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with most gratifying results. I had been married four years and had two children. I was all run down, had falling of womb with all its distressing symptoms. I had doctored with a good physician, but I derived very little good from his treatment. After taking a few bottles of your medicine, I was able to do my work and nurse my seven-months-old babe. I recommend your medicine to every wife and mother. Had I time, I could write much more in its praise. I bid you Godspeed in your good work."—Mrs. L. A. MORRIS, Welaka, Putnam Co., Fla.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—When I commenced the use of your remedies I was very badly off. Every two weeks I was troubled with flowing spells which made me very weak. I had two of the best doctors, but they did not seem to help me. They said my trouble was caused from weakness and was nothing to worry about. I felt tired all the time; had no ambition. I was growing worse all the time until I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am now able to help about the house, and am much improved in health."—Mrs. A. WALKER, Calicoon Depot, N. Y.

Built That Way.

"The mean thing! I don't believe it is possible for the truth to come out of her mouth!"

"Well, you know she has false teeth."—Chicago Times-Herald.

IN THE MATTER OF CRYING.

While Weeping Is Quite Natural, It May Be "Cured" in Children.

It comes natural to every woman to pity a child when it hurts itself. Be the misadventure big or little, the mother immediately takes the little one in her arms and in her most sympathetic, pitying tones tries to solace it. And of course the child concludes something terrible has happened to it and cries vigorously. A little baby if pitted can soon be brought to a weeping state when nothing whatever is the matter with it. Just call up your most tender, sympathetic tone; ask him that time honored question, "Did they boos the baby?" and the little lips will begin to quiver, the mouth to droop, and soon a wall breaks forth that is meant to indicate that "they" did.

Of course children will cry sometimes. Crying is an institution that cannot be done away with. Crying, more or less, is expected with the advent of the little stranger, but the more or less depends largely on the parents. A child can be taught into a good humor. Instead of pitying him at the numerous little hurts he gets, those that are really of no importance, treat them as a good joke. Laugh at them, and the baby will quickly laugh with you. It doesn't take long to chase the tears away. Besides doing away with a lot of unnecessary crying it teaches him not to mind little hurts and develops a brave, manly little fellow. This does not apply to serious mishaps, but to those numerous little bumps which youngsters are continually getting and which a little pity quickly magnifies into something of importance in child-eyes.

Never giving a child anything he cries for is another excellent way to nip in the bud the crying habit. If it is proper for him to have, promise it to him when he stops crying. Reward his good behavior, not his bad. Of course if bad habits in this direction are formed, it is hard to correct them. But such discipline observed from the beginning will make crying an infrequent performance in the home where the youthful monarch reigns.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

THE TITLE REILLY TOOK.

He Made Himself as Big a Man as the Best of Them.

"When you mention the name of John Reilly, you touch a reminiscence chord in the hearts of hundreds of the older residents of Baltimore," remarked a well known gentleman.

"On one occasion Reilly had to journey to Philadelphia on business. It was in the time of the old stagecoaches, and he made his way leisurely along. Upon arriving there he registered at one of the leading hotels. That leads up to my story. At that time it was customary for men to add to their signatures such titles or evidences of dignity as they possessed. When Reilly looked over the hotel register, he saw something like this: 'John Jones, LL. D.; William Smith, A. M., A. B.; Samuel Johnson, D. D.' Seizing a pen, he inscribed the following: 'John Reilly, F. R. S.' Then he went about his business and spent a pleasant and profitable afternoon.

"Returning to the hotel at night, he was met by a committee of leading and learned citizens. They greeted him with great deference and expressed their gratification that such a distinguished man should be in their midst. He was urgently requested to deliver a lecture before some scientific body during his stay. You see, they judged from the mystic letters on the hotel register that he was a fellow of the Royal society.

"Reilly was a man of imposing personal appearance. He made himself very agreeable to the committee, but could not name a date for the lecture. When they left him, a friend asked the reason of the demonstration.

"What do you mean by writing the letters F. R. S. after your name, any way?"

"They mean 'fired, raw and stewed,' and I serve the best in Baltimore."—Baltimore Sun.

Didn't See the Joke.

"It isn't safe to be funny these days unless one labels one's jokes," said a woman who went abroad recently. "You know, I've always rather fancied myself as a wit, and on the steamer coming home I really let myself out. Everybody was a bit seasick, and I—Well, even I had times when I thought I'd rather own an automobile than any kind of a yacht. One day we all foregathered on deck and talked about what we'd gone through—you know how people do on shipboard. I was talking in my cleverest vein with an English family.

"I'm like a famous lady," I chortled gayly. "I'll be extremely glad to set foot on terra cotta again."

"That evening the mother of the English family took me aside.

"My dear," she said, "I'm so much older than you that I am sure I may make so bold as to tell you something, and I want you to take it in the spirit in which it is meant. You said this morning you'd be glad to set foot on terra cotta again. I thought I'd just call your attention to the thing so you won't make the same mistake again. It isn't terra cotta, it's terra firma."—Washington Post.

Just Like a Man.

"Oh, no; she's not at all what you would call a really feminine woman. She affects masculine ways."

"How?"

"Well, for instance, yesterday I saw her give a street car conductor a nickel when she had five pennies in her purse."—Chicago Post.

Proposed Alliance With England.

If the United States and England should form an alliance, the combined strength would be so great that there would be little chance for enemies to overcome us. In a like manner, when men and women keep up their bodily strength with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, there is little chance of attacks from disease. The old time remedy enriches the blood, steadies the nerves, and increases the appetite. Try it for dyspepsia and indigestion.

AWFUL PAGE IN CENTURY'S BOOK

Burning Steamer Set Adrift Over Niagara Falls in 1837.

Probably one of the most horrible crimes of the century recently ended was the burning of the steamer Caroline on the upper Niagara River and her plunge over the great falls at midnight of Dec. 29, 1837. As the boat approached the falls and the certainty of death to all on board became manifest, the air was rent with the shrieks of the doomed and their frantic appeals for aid that it was impossible to render them were visible by the glare of the burning boat.

At the time mentioned the feeling between the people of Canada and the United States was not so friendly as it is to-day. The Anglo-Saxon union was then unmentioned, but, on the contrary, a spirit of warfare prevailed.

At the time the Caroline was burned and sent over the falls the patriots had gathered in large numbers on Navy Island, which is but a short distance above the falls in the Canadian portion of the river. Proclamation after proclamation had been issued by them from their island headquarters, and recognizing the necessity of prompt action, Governor Sir Francis Bond Head had issued a call for troops. In response to this call about 2,500 men had gathered on the banks of the river in the vicinity.

Out in the river on Navy Island the patriot strength was massed, while far



BURNING OF THE CAROLINE.

beyond on the Canadian mainland the British forces had assembled. There was no thought of danger among those who slept under the stars and stripes at Schlosser.

Colonel McNab was in charge of the British forces, and he had decided that the steamer must be destroyed. But this was a perilous undertaking and volunteers were asked to attempt it. They were not long in coming to the front, as the prospect of an alluring reward was held out to them.

As the ill-fated steamer drifted down the rapids towards the cataract, a number caught in fancy the walls of the dying, hopelessly perishing by the double horror of a fate which nothing could avert. Those on shore watched with agonizing attention and closeness the flaming mass until it was hurled over the falls to be crushed in everlasting darkness and the unfathomable waters below.

At Toronto several days after the occurrence a public meeting was held at which speeches were made lauding the bravery of the miscreants who had set fire to the boat and cut her adrift in the current. In the United States indignation ran high, and it was only by the greatest effort that the statesmen of England and the United States succeeded in averting the outbreak of hostile deeds that would have involved the two nations in a protracted and sanguinary conflict.

FIDDLES MADE IN GERMANY.

Place and Manner in Which the Violins of the World Are Made.

In the village of Mittenwald, in the heart of the Bavarian highlands, live the men who manufacture the greater part of the world's supply of violins. Mittenwald has taken the place of Cremona, although it may take another 200 years before its violins can be mentioned in the same breath with those of the famous Italian town. Of the 1,800 inhabitants of the village, over 800 are exclusively occupied with the manufacture of violins, and the output reaches the incredible figure of 50,000 violins per annum. They are exported to all countries in the world, the better instruments going to England and America. One organization of makers alone exports 15,000. Each family of violin-makers has its own particular trade secret—a sort of trick of the trade, handed down from father to son. Outsiders, and still more, rival makers are not permitted into a workshop that is not theirs. The people of Mittenwald have an interesting violin school, where the village boys are instructed in the general technical departments of violin building. In the hall of this building is an inscription to the following effect: "The object of this school is to instruct the scholars accepted in it in the various arts connected with the manufacture of stringed instruments, and to educate them as capable violin-makers."

The course lasts three years, and embraces, in addition, the arts of drawing, singing, and playing on the violin. In the building of a violin much is left to the individuality of the builder. It is seldom that two violins are exactly alike in every particular. The villagers of Mittenwald are generally of opinion that the varnish with which an instrument is covered is of the first importance, and attribute the fine tone of the violins made by Stradivarius, Guarnerius, and others to a secret of varnish which has evidently been lost forever. Mittenwald uses maple wood for its violins, brought from the dis-

tant forests of Dalmatia and Bosnia, and pine wood of a certain quality and resinousness found only in the neighboring forests. The old-looking violins seen in many a music-shop window are not infrequently brand-new instruments from Mittenwald. The blackness and shabbiness, the rubs and scratches, the Italian names of makers inside, and the picturesque date—let us say of 1743—are often the work of the ingenious fiddle-makers of this remote idyllic village in Bavaria. "We must supply the market," they say in extenuation of this class of business; "if we do not, some one else will."—London Leisure Hour.

Famous Jewels Owned by Americans

The curious incident in connection with the lost jewels innocently appropriated by the Duchess of Manchester's maid recalls the fact that some of the most magnificent and historic jewels in the world are in the possession of Americans. Mrs. Bradley Martin has some of the French crown jewels, some of which are also the property of Mrs. Astor, who has a diamond ornament which once belonged to Diane de Poitiers. The Duchess of Marlborough has the famous Orloff pearls, once the property of Catherine of Russia; Mrs. Clarence Mackay has some curious rings which formerly adorned a Hindu rajah; Mrs. George Vanderbilt has a wonderful rope of rubies unsurpassed by anything of the



BURNING OF THE CAROLINE.

kind, while Mrs. Webb has a rope of pearls which rival in beauty those of Queen Margherita. Mrs. Ogilvie Haig has some magnificent jewels, and those of Countess Boni de Castellane and Lady Curzon of Kedleston are also very fine.

Much of Little.

The stranger in any city half a hundred years old, if he knew anything of the city's history, would learn from many of the signs that the second and third generations had succeeded to the business of father and grandfather. It is especially true of New York. The New York Times mentions some peculiar signs, and relates the following, which we take to be true, although we do not vouch for it:

A Londoner, who had strolled about the streets of the city with a New Yorker who called his attention to some of the signs of sons, agreed that in this respect New York was very like London, but in neither city was there any such sign as he saw in one of the old English towns a few hours' run from the world's metropolis. The sign reads:

John Littlejohn's Sons and Little (Little Littlejohn, Doolittle Littlejohn and John Little).

According to the Londoner, the first Littlejohn and Little were partners. The former gave his first son his partner's family name, and Little gave his boy his partner's Christian name. Littlejohn's second son was named, for his mother's family, Doolittle. The three sons succeeded to their father's business, hence the sign is entirely correct, and the Londoner was right in saying that the successors had no intention of being "funny" when they had their sign written as it appears.

Only a Small Favor.

A quiet, middle-aged man who was in attendance at an operatic performance was much annoyed at the behavior of two young women in the row of seats behind him.

Calling one of the ushers, he put a coin in his hand and whispered something in his ear.

The usher went away, and presently came back and handed him a small package.

When the curtain went down at the close of the first act he turned in his seat and said with a smile to the young woman directly behind him:

"I beg your pardon, miss, but may I ask a slight favor of you?"

"What is it?" she said.

"Please use this stick of gum in place of the kind you are chewing. The odor of wintergreen is very offensive to me."

After that he was not disturbed.

In the Realm of Shades.

"What is all that row over there by the Styx?" asked the shade of Napoleon of the shade of Ben Jonson.

"Why, that is Bacon, Shakespeare, and that newcomer, Donnelly. Each is trying to convince the other that he is wrong."—Baltimore American.

Old Massachusetts Family.

The Rev. James de Normandie told the other day that he had just officiated at the wedding in the eighth generation from the first white settler in Roxbury, and that the family still lives on the land of the old homestead.

The most tiresome thing on earth is a practical joke.

A good many women carry amiability too far.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

Comments on Everyday Matters by an Original Genius.

The poorer the family, the fatter the dog.

Bad judgment is too often called bad luck.

Most men who have credit have money.

The poorest excuse for woman is a doll-faced beauty.

Some people never walk fast unless they are going to the depot.

Failure in love to a woman is worse than failure in business to a man.

When a man asks if his new hat is becoming, the women always laugh.

Some things are so notoriously silly that it is waste of time to deny them.

Anything that is particularly silly may be usually referred to as stonemantic.

Suffering from an overloaded stomach is worse than suffering from hunger.

Unless a woman is a good cook, the currants she puts in her cooking taste like flies.

The disposition of people is to help a man if he is not married, and jump him if he is.

Those days are longest, even to the best people in the world, on which they hear no new gossip.

When a man is patient when visitors fill the house at all hours, the neighbors look for him to die early.

When a girl under twenty hasn't anything else to do, she goes out to the pantry and looks around for something to eat.

Whenever we see a man with long whiskers, we think how much worse they must look when he is in his night clothes.

The next day after an unlucky man makes an investment in cattle, some one discovers a new disease that is very fatal to cattle.

We wonder that the reformers don't pay more attention to the man who can't enjoy a joke without pounding those around him on the back.

It is a good idea for a family to keep a cow in order that when the daughter goes away from home, she can refer to her family's extensive cattle ranch.

Every man feels that he is not getting the credit he deserves when his wife thanks the Lord at the table for the bountiful meal He has provided.

Away down in the bottom of her heart, every girl's greatest envy is not of some girl who is better looking, but of the girl who earns her own money.

A young man is never so proud as when he is discharged and taken back again, the firm he worked for having discovered that it couldn't get along without him.

If a man tells you a piece of gossip, return it to him in a week with the gossip, and all the embellishments the week has added, and he will find fresh interest in the story.

The blessings of hope are over-estimated. If it were not for hope, people would quit the practice of purchasing lavishly this week, believing they will be fully able to pay next week.

It is a matter of regret that wives are too suspicious and that mothers are not suspicious enough. A great deal of suffering would often be spared girls if their mothers were less trustful.

The success of a woman's party depends upon the length of time necessary to prepare for it in advance, and that of a man's party in the time it takes to clean up the house after it is over.

After a woman has lived at a boarding house four or five years, his heart has been so softened by fried potatoes that he is ready to fall in love with, and marry any girl who is said to be a good cook.

A woman is easily consoled at being left behind when her husband goes on pleasure trips if he sends her back pictures of the hotels at which he stops, marking the windows to show which is his room.

What a Woman Sees.

"Did you see a man and a woman driving past here in a buggy about an hour ago?" asked a detective known to the Chicago Tribune.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Blank.

"Ah," said the detective, "now we are getting on the right track! What kind of a horse was it?"

"They were driving so fast I didn't notice that," replied Mrs. Blank.

"But the woman had on a Scotch moiré and wool jacket of turquoise blue, last year's style, with stitched seams, a white plique skirt with deep circular flounce, a satin straw hat, tilted and rather flat, trimmed with hydrangeas and loops of pale blue surah, and her hair was done up pompadour. That's all I had time to see."

Smallest of Railways.

The smallest railway has been built to the order of Perry H. Leigh in an annex of his residence at Brentwood, Worsley, near Manchester, England. The little line is really a toy, but one of the most marvelous toys ever made. In all respects except size it is an exact replica of the track, locomotives, rolling stock and station equipment of the London and Northwestern railway. It has been placed in a room ninety feet wide, and is raised on trestles three feet high.

France a Wine-Drinking Country.

France consumes more wine than Germany, the United States and the United Kingdom put together.

When a girl has a visitor from out of town, her greatest effort is to corral young men in the parlor every night, to show her guest how popular she is.

METHODS OF SUICIDE.

How Desperate Persons Adopt Prevailing Styles of Destruction.

"The remarkable methods several suicides have adopted in this city recently call attention to the fact that methods of self destruction are largely matters of suggestion," said a doctor. "When a man gets in that condition where he wants to die, he has little inventive ability and adopts the method that has been brought to his mind. You will notice that after one person kills himself with acid there follows a long list of acid suicides. It is the same with any unusual method. One person gets up an original way, and that inspires the next one to try his hand until we have a whole series of such gruesome novelties.

"I have proved this theory. Several years ago I was discussing this feature of suicide with several friends, including the coroner. They ridiculed my theory. I offered to prove it. It happened that shooting and hanging were popular just then. I wrote an article for a newspaper on the horrors of strangulation and pistol wounds and explained the ease with which one could kill himself with prussic acid. Death from prussic acid, you know, is absolutely instantaneous and, many believe, painless. There had not been a suicide with this acid for more than a year, but within a week after the article was published there were four, and one of the unfortunates had clippings of my article in his pocket.

"Of course I was accused of killing these four by suggestion, but I was never arrested and do not feel guilty, for when once a person has decided to kill himself the method is a slight matter. No person in his right mind will commit suicide. We all know in our sane moments of easy ways to end life, but when in the suicidal frame of mind nature seems to rob us of our reason in this direction, as if in a desperate hope of preventing the sacrifice."

An Inactive Liver, Stomach Disorders, Sick Headache and other ills arising from an imperfect digestion are cured by Garfield Tea which is made from HERBS.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TAKING When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

The larger a man's salary is the larger the increase he thinks he is entitled to.

The great public schools of the large cities use Carter's Ink exclusively. It is the best and costs no more than the poorest. Get it.

The ribbon of the stock ticker might appropriately be termed "read tape."

"Kentucky Favorite" Whiskey always gives perfect satisfaction. It is pure, uniform and mellow—just like velvet. Spruance, Stanley & Co., proprietors, San Francisco.

When you have bored 700 feet and struck water it is wise to let well enough alone.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold. Laxative Brome-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Taken before bed time Gilt Edge Whiskey will break up any cold. Wichman, Lutgen & Co., San Francisco, Cal. Sole proprietors for U. S. A.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

No Venture About It.

"Is this your first venture in matrimony?" the preacher asked while the bridegroom was out in the vestibule giving certain instructions to the best man, who was also his head clerk.

"My dear Mr. Goodfellow," she replied, almost blushing, "this isn't a venture at all. He has given me deeds to more than \$60,000 worth of property already."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Egotistic.

"Isn't there a great deal of egotism among actors?" asked the young woman.

"I am sorry to say there is," answered Stormington Barnes. "Why, I have met no less than three actors who thought they could play Hamlet as well as I do!"—Washington Star.

How She Did It.

"So she refused you?"

"That's the impression I received."

"Didn't she actually say so?"

"No, she didn't. All she said was 'Ha, ha, ha!'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cleanse Your Blood

The cause of all spring humors, pimples and eruptions, as well as of that tired feeling and poor appetite, is found in impure, depleted blood.

The perfect blood purifier is Hood's Sarsaparilla, as multitudes know by experience.

It cures all blood diseases, from the smallest pimple to the stubborn scrofula sore—from morning tiredness to extreme nervous prostration. Begin taking it TODAY.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Spring Medicine. Be sure to get Hood's.

Consumption Cured.

For the treatment of Consumption and diseases of the throat, call on or write for literature and report of cases

KOCH INSTITUTE.

431½ So. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

S. F. N. O. NO. 10, 1901

MRS. PARCE'S STORY

HER TROUBLE MADE HER AFRAID TO RETIRE AT NIGHT.

Nervousness, the Disease that Wrecks the Happiness of so Many Women, Conquered at Last.

No incident of the many that are daily brought to public attention is of greater human interest than that which centers about Ellen Parce, the wife of Mr. David F. Parce, of No. 4 Spruce St., Binghamton, N. Y. The story is told by Mrs. Parce as follows:

"It was two years ago this summer that I was in a miserable condition as the result of hard work. I was completely run down, pale and losing flesh, and so nervous that I could not sleep or even get rest. It was dreadful to go to bed at night all worn out and lie awake for hours with nervousness. If I did fall asleep it was to wake up in the morning as tired as when I went to bed.

"My head troubled me a great deal, too, both with pain and dizziness. If I stooped over at any time I would be so dizzy I could hardly see or keep from falling down. I was troubled somewhat with indigestion at this time, but the nervousness was the greater trouble. If I became a little excited my hands would shake so I could hardly hold anything in them. I felt that something must be done so I employed our best physicians. They did all they could for me and although I obtained some benefit from their treatment, not one of them did me any permanent good.

"I had, of course, read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People but had never taken any of them till a friend recommended them to me so strongly that I got some and before the first box was used up I began to feel that they were doing me good. I kept on taking them according to directions and got from them the only real, permanent benefit I have had from any remedy. It did seem so good to get a night's sleep and to be refreshed by it. I am a firm believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and recommend them to all my friends. I generally keep a box in the house to take in case I feel a little run down."

ELLEN PARCE.

At all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. Price, 50 cents per box; 6 boxes \$2.50.

When a young man takes a pretty girl for a boat ride he is seldom content with hugging the shore.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets** the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

Learn Shorthand at Home.
To all persons commencing within two months a six-months' course by mail in practical shorthand will be given by R. F. Gallagher, the expert court reporter, for \$2. Text book furnished free. This offer is bona fide. Correspondence solicited. Better results accomplished by this means than by attending any so-called Business College for same length of time. Don't let this opportunity slip. Mail classes now forming. Address: Gallagher-Marsh College, Farret St., San Francisco, Cal.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use. Dr. R. H. Kline's Great Kidney and Bladder Remedy. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The prominence achieved by Garfield Tea as a blood purifier has not been equaled by any other remedy; an improvement in the complexion can be seen after a few days' use.

A stiff upper lip is useless when pitted against a wagging lower jaw.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY!
Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Both of the sons of Thomas Jefferson were members of congress from Virginia while he was president. One of these was Thomas Mann Randolph and the other John W. Eppees.

The average weight of a sheep fleece is 5 1/2 pounds.

The Oldest and Best.

S. S. S. is a combination of roots and herbs of great curative powers, and when taken into the circulation searches out and removes all manner of poisons from the blood, without the least shock or harm to the system. On the contrary, the general health begins to improve from the first dose, for S. S. S. is not only a blood purifier, but an excellent tonic, and strengthens and builds up the constitution while purging the blood of impurities. S. S. S. cures all diseases of a blood poison origin, Cancer, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Chronic Sores and Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum, Herpes and similar troubles, and is an infallible cure and the only antidote for that most horrible disease, Contagious Blood Poison.

A record of nearly fifty years of successful cures is a record to be proud of. S. S. S. is more popular today than ever. It numbers its friends by the thousands. Our medical correspondence is larger than ever in the history of the medicine. Many write to thank us for the great good S. S. S. has done them, while others are seeking advice about their cases. All letters receive prompt and careful attention. Our physicians have made a life-long study of Blood and Skin Diseases, and better understand such cases than the ordinary practitioner who makes a specialty of no one disease.

We are doing great good to suffering humanity through our consulting department, and invite you to write us if you have any blood or skin trouble. We make no charge whatever for this service.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

LIVE BY MACHINERY.

NUMBER OF PATENTS GRANTED IN THE UNITED STATES.

In Sixty-two Years There Have Been 623,585 of Them—Civilized Man's Mode of Existence Totally Altered by His Inventions.

The nineteenth century has been one of mechanism. A hundred years ago people were content to live chiefly by hand, as it were; now people live chiefly by complicated machinery. Civilized man's mode of existence has been totally altered by his inventions. The world has gone patent mad. In the United States alone there were 623,585 patents granted in the sixty-two years from 1837 to 1898. During its existence the patent office has received more than \$40,000,000 in fees. On carriages and wagons more than 20,000 patents have been granted; on stoves and furnaces, 18,000; on lamps, gas fittings, harvesters, boots and shoes and receptacles for storing, 10,000 each. The total of patents for the civilized world is easily twice that of the United States.

With the invention of the steam engine the world shrunk at a bound to a twentieth of its former size. Where the lumbering stage-coach or the plodding caravan took weeks the flying express covers the distance in a few hours. The trip across this continent used to be a matter of life and death. Now it is a matter of \$100 and takes your ease as you go. In 1825, the first steam road was opened between Stockton and Darlington, England. A year later a similar experiment was made at Quincy, Mass., where the engine hauled stone for a distance of four miles. The first passenger road in this country was the Baltimore & Ohio, opened in 1830 with a mileage of fourteen miles. To-day, there are 210,906 miles of railroad in this country, 163,216 in Europe, 9,834 in South America, 81,102 in Asia, 9,978 in Africa, and 14,384 in Australasia.

Early in the history of railroading twelve miles an hour was considered recklessly fast. In January, 1899, a train on the Burlington route, in a run from Siding to Arion, 2.14 miles, did the distance in one minute and twenty seconds, or at the rate of 108 miles an hour.

Mail communication was as expensive as it was slow in the old days. It cost a shilling to get a letter anywhere, when the country began, and a shilling in those days represented far more than it now does. Now two cents will carry a letter to the Philippines or around the corner. Then the mail matter handled was too insignificant for statistics; now there are 75,000 postal offices in this country, handling postal matter of all kinds to a total of 6,576,310,000 pieces.

The first telegraph line in this country was opened in 1844. In 1899 there were 904,633 miles of wire in use in this country; 71,393,150 messages were sent that year.

The year 1800 knew no telephone. A hundred years later sees 772,989 miles of telephone wire in use, connected with 465,180 stations and answering 1,231,000,000 calls a year. When the century was new it took six weeks to get news from Europe. To-day it takes six seconds. To-day there are 170,950 miles of submarine cables, all laid since the first cable, Field's great achievement, was laid in 1857.

Electricity has come to the aid of steam traffic. There are more than 1,000 electric street car lines in operation in the United States, with a capitalization of \$1,700,000,000. The same electric power, only dimly known before the wonderful century, now lights our cities. In the United States there are half a million arc lights and about twenty million incandescent lights, the latter being equivalent in lighting capacity to 320,000,000 candle dips such as they used in 1800.

While the railroads have served to diffuse the population from one end of the land to the other, another invention has served to centralize it—the elevator.

In other times they built houses of wood and brick. Now they construct them of steel and iron. And so carefully are the plans developed that the architect can say how many bolts will be required in the construction of a skyscraper, how much each beam can support, where each piece of iron belongs. Wooden bridges have been supplanted by huge steel structures. Even stone towers are being abandoned for the lighter steel. The age of steel is here.

Our vast factory systems, employing thousands of workers and furnishing necessities and luxuries alike at prices that would have amazed the citizens of 1800, have grown out of the substitution of machinery for the hand; the sewing machine, the steam loom, the ring frame, and hundreds of other inventions.

Photography is a product of the last hundred years. In 1800 the principal daily papers were published in Boston and New York city. The type was hand made and hand set. Nowadays new type is cast while being set; paper comes in rolls from two to four miles long; presses run off 80,000 complete newspapers an hour.

Bones Burst from Tombs.

The tombs of the grandees of colonial Virginia at William and Mary college, Williamsburg, are yielding to decay, and the bones of several distinguished men have already burst from their sepulchers. The startling discovery was made by two prosy and unappreciative plumbers from Newport News, who had been hired to lay steam pipes.

When the plumbers announced their find the faculty of the historic institution was thrown into consternation.

The excavation made for the underground pipes runs along the side of the sepulchers. The falling of a bank of earth disclosed several large crevices in the walls of the tombs, through which the coffins containing the bones of Judge Botetourt, Bishop Madison and Peyton Randolph had worked their way out. The sepulchers were supposed to be the strongest among the historical burying places in America. The bodies of a score of the famous men of American history are interred there.

President Lynn G. Tyler of the college, who is a nephew of the former President of the United States, at once sent for skilled masons and the tombs will be again hermetically sealed. The caskets containing the precious remains showed no signs of having been tampered with. But the metallic lids were loose, due to the action of the air, which gained access through the apertures made by the collapse of the air-tight vaults.

Pearls far Above Price.

A pearl, the like of which has never before been found, is now being exhibited in Australia, and is attracting wide attention not only from experts of precious stones, but also from a number of wealthy women, who have fine collections of pearls and are now wondering whether any one among them will have the good fortune to secure this rare prize.

The pearl was discovered on the northwest coast of western Australia, and it is the property of a Mr. Shall, who values it so highly that he has refused an offer of \$12,000 for it, and has publicly stated that no amount of money could tempt him to part with it. The reason is because he regards it as a fetch or talisman, which is bound to bring him good luck as long as he keeps it in his possession, but the loss of which would surely be followed by grave disaster of some kind.

This wonderful pearl is not formed as other pearls are. Instead of being spherical and single, it forms a square and is composed of various parts. There is, indeed, a series of pearls, each of which is joined to the other in such a manner as to form a cross. Thus, there are nine pearls altogether, of which seven are in a straight line and two are perpendicular.

This strange phenomenon is puzzling to Australian scientists, and the only conclusion at which they seem to have arrived is that it is one of nature's numerous, but inexplicable freaks.

A Ventriloquist.

Probably every one has seen a time when he wished he could administer rebuke impersonally. The Springfield Republican pictures an occasion when it was done.

The "grouchy" individual came from behind his paper and glared savagely at the woman with the crying baby. "Why can't you keep that brat quiet?" he snarled. "What's the matter with it, anyway?"

There was a dead silence in the car, and then a pitilessly distinct voice from nowhere in particular replied, "He thinks your face is the moon, and he's crying for it."

The surly one looked about with a deadly stare. Every one was quaking with mirth, but preserved a solemn countenance, except the man who was smiling out of the window at the other end of the car.

"There are advantages in being a ventriloquist," he murmured softly to himself.

Family Suite.

"Where's your daughter Mary living now, Mrs. Herliby?" inquired one of the neighbors, who had dropped in after an absence of some months.

"Her husband's got a fine job on the Tolmes, reporting accidents," said Mrs. Herliby, proudly, "and the two av thim and little Moike is living in a suit up-town."

"What's a suit?" inquired the neighbor, curiosity having got the better of a desire to appear well informed on all points.

"A suit," said Mrs. Herliby, slowly, "is one of them places where the parlor is the bedroom, and the bedroom is the kitchen, and the closets is down in the cellar, and the beds is plannys—organs, and—well, it's one of them places where everything is something else," concluded Mrs. Herliby.

His Motive.

"I will ask you now," the attorney for the prosecution said to the witness, "if the defendant in this case confessed to you his motive in shooting the deceased?"

"Hold on!" interposed the attorney for the defense. "I object."

"I only want to find out whether—"

"I object!" (Legal wrangle of half an hour.)

"The witness may answer," ruled the judge.

"Now, then, sir, I will ask you again. Did or did not the prisoner confess to you his motive in shooting the deceased?"

"He did."

"What was it?"

"He wanted to kill him."—London King.

Her Last Appeal.

A Vienna paper related an anecdote of the painter Makart, who was sometimes as taciturn as Von Moltke. One evening he sat for an hour next to the soubrette Josephine Gaimeyer without uttering a word. Finally she lost patience and exclaimed: "Well, dear master, suppose we change the subject."

When a man goes to a party or theater without his wife, and his wife says she did not care to go, she is fibbing; a married woman never refuses an invitation.

Waiting For His Turn.

"Speaking of drinking as a cause for headaches," said an old practitioner, "reminds me of a trip I took several years ago with a special train full of western physicians going to the annual meeting of the American Medical association in Philadelphia."

"On such occasions as this, with perhaps 150 physicians congregated in a special train, a good many manufacturers of wines, liquors and carbonated waters are anxious for the opportunity of putting bottled goods on ice, with a representative in charge to see that samples are dispensed at just the right temperature."

"On this particular occasion I remember that one firm dealing in mineral waters had an especially competent agent on board the train. Dinner was just over in the dining car, tables had been put up in nearly every section of the sleepers and champagne corks were popping. Redder liquors were on all sides, and the rattle of cracked ice was nearly as loud as the clicking of the trucks."

"It was just at this juncture that this especial agent for the mineral waters made his bid. He recognized that it was not his deal, and he started through the train, beginning at the rear end of the baggage car. With a profound bow to all present he said:

"Good night, gentlemen, good night, but I'll see you in the morning!"

"He went through the train with that, making the hit of the whole trip. My greatest wonder at it, too, has been that it has not been seized upon as an illustrated advertisement for his house."—Chicago Tribune.

His Only Real Pleasure.

"What good does your money do you, Mr. Armour?" a friend once asked P. D. Armour, according to the Washington Star.

"That is a question," Mr. Armour replied, "I often ask myself. I was raised a butcher boy. I learned to love work for work's sake. I must get up early now, as I have done all my life, and when 9 o'clock comes, no matter what's going on at home, I must get to bed. And here I am. Yes; I have large means, as you say, but I can't eat as much as yonder clerk, I can't sleep as much, and I can hardly wear any more clothes than he. The only real pleasure I can get out of life that yonder clerk with his limited means cannot get is the giving now and then to some deserving fellow without a soul knowing it \$500 or \$1,000, giving him a fresh start upward without making the gift a hurt to him. That's the only real pleasure I get out of life. And as to possessions, the only thing I sometimes feel I really own are my two boys and my good name. Take everything else from me, leave me them, and I would yet be rich. I wouldn't care a snap for the rest. We would soon together make enough to keep the wolf a long way from our door."

To Rest Her Mind.

"Your little birdie has been very, very ill," she wrote to the young man. "It was some sort of nervous trouble, and the doctors said I must have perfect rest and quiet and that I must think of nothing. And all the time, dear George, I thought constantly of you."

The young man read it over and then read it through again very slowly and put it in his pocket and went out under the silent stars and kept thinking and thinking and thinking. He only kept on thinking.—London Answers.

CATARH Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It is prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Best Prescription for Malaria
Chills and Fever is a bottle of GAY'S Tonic. Less CHILL Tonic. Simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Don't Be Sparring of Your Love.

The power of love is one of the greatest gifts to humanity. It generates the sunshine of the moral universe, without which life would be a desert waste. Use this divine power without stint. Be prodigal of your love. Let it radiate freely. It will brighten the dark places. It will gladden the sorrowing. It will lift you above the petty, grinding cares that so soon corrode the mind and sap the energies. It is the golden key that will admit you to the palace of the true life.—Success.

Fine

The skin and flesh feel like the fit of a new soft glove when

St. Jacobs Oil

has driven out

Soreness and Stiffness

from cold.



UNITED STATES SENATOR ROACH

[Says: Peruna has greatly helped me in strength, vigor and appetite.]

Hon. W. N. Roach, U. S. Senator from North Dakota, in a letter written from North Dakota, says:



U. S. Senator Roach, of North Dakota.

"Persuaded by a friend I have used Peruna as a tonic, and am glad to testify that it has greatly helped me in strength, vigor and appetite. I have been advised by friends that it is remarkably efficacious as a cure for the almost universal complaint of catarrh."

Never before in the history of medicine has any remedy received so many endorsements from people of national importance, as Peruna.

The explanation of this remarkable circumstance can only be found by a glance at the history of Peruna.

In the first place, it should be noted that catarrh is one of the most preva-

lent and universal maladies known to medical science. Nearly everybody has catarrh in some degree or phase.

In the second place, it should be noted that Peruna is the only scientific, internal catarrh remedy yet devised.

This explains the almost universal use of Peruna. Everybody uses Peruna, high and low, rich and poor, great and small. Peruna has fought its way out from among the host of catarrh remedies, and stands unique and alone today as the catarrh remedy par excellence. By its well-earned merits it has attracted the attention of the greatest, and the busiest, and the wisest people. It is equally applicable to all ages, to both sexes, and to every climate.

Nothing in the history of medicine has ever equaled the growth of this remarkable remedy. Catarrh has become a national disease. Peruna has become a national remedy. Dr. Hartman, the inventor of Peruna, has become the best-known physician in the United States.

All this is explained by the fact that Peruna cures catarrh wherever located. Catarrh is liable to attack any organ of the human body. Catarrh is not a local disease but a systemic disease. Peruna is not a local remedy, but a systemic remedy. Peruna cures catarrh by eradicating it from the system.

Such cures are not temporary but permanent.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Are you looking for trouble?

No? Then you had better get ready to irrigate your land right now. You've lost several crops by not doing it—do you want to lose another?

Our pumping plants are fully guaranteed.

Send full particulars.

Hercules Gas Engine Works

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A WHOLE GARDEN For 14c.

We will mail you this year's entire \$1.00 worth of splendid seed novelties free, together with our large illustrated Plant and Seed Catalogue, in receipt of this notice and 14c in postage. Choice Onion Seed 60c 15c up. Potatoes at 10c per barrel and up. Catalogue alone, 5 cents. P. JOHN A. SALTER SEED CO., Ladysburg, Wis.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED

from 15 to 25 lbs. per month by a harmless treatment. Thousands cured. Mrs. M. A. MacCune, 431 Hawley St., Rochester, N. Y., writes: "Four years ago I was reduced 48 pounds by your valuable treatment. My experience as a trained nurse has taught me the dangers of Fatty Degeneration. Have not gained." Patients treated by mail confidentially. Give address with stamp. DR. P. C. SAYER, 1344 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

DROPSY

10 DAYS' TREATMENT FREE. Have made Dropsy and its complications a specialty for twenty years. Have cured many thousands of cases. DR. H. H. GREEN'S BLOOD, Atlanta, Ga.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,

24 Post St. S. F. Send for Circular.

Ferry's SEEDS

Ferry's Seeds are known the country over as the most reliable Seeds that can be bought. Don't save a nickel on cheap seeds and lose a dollar on the harvest. 1901 Seed Annual free. D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

Nervous Prostration and the Liquor, Morphine, and Tobacco Habits Cured at the

KEELEY INSTITUTES

No. 1170 Market St., San Francisco, and Carson City, Nevada. Adopted by the U. S. Government.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED PILLS

ONE FOR A DOSE. Cure Spleen Headache and Dyspepsia, Remove Pimples, Purify the Blood, Aid Digestion, Prevent Biliousness, Head Gripes or Stomach. To convince you, will mail sample free; full box, 25c. DR. BOSANKO CO., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and Seven Miles of Water Front on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

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